

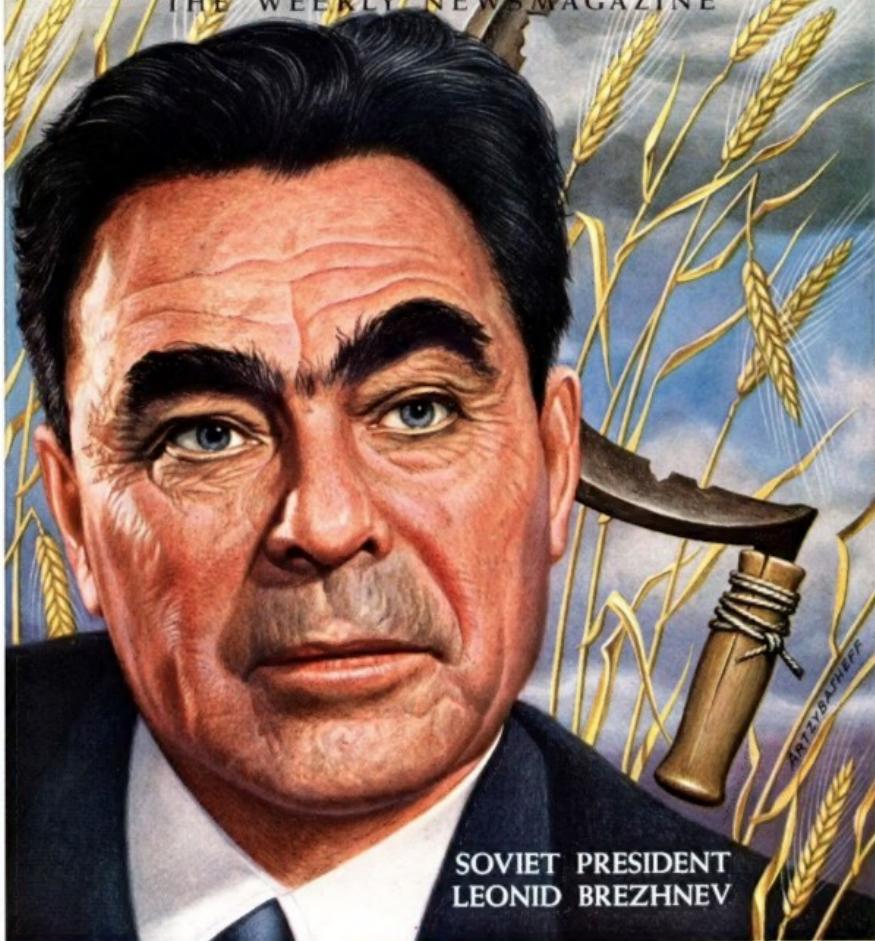
THIRTY CENTS

FEBRUARY 21, 1964

BREADLINES IN UTOPIA

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



SOVIET PRESIDENT
LEONID BREZHNEV

PLAN TO SEE THE RCA COLOR TV CENTER AT THE WORLD'S FAIR



SEE "HAZEL," STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, CO-STARRING DON DEFORE, ON RCA VICTOR "LIVING COLOR" TV

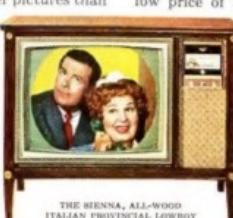
Now—a new and brighter Color TV—brighter than ever before! Unsurpassed Natural Color from RCA Victor!

The Performance-Proved Color TV for '64 is New Vista® by RCA Victor. It gives you clearer, sharper pictures than ever before in *unsurpassed natural color*. It is definitely the finest color television ever designed by RCA—pioneer and developer of color television.

In 1960, when RCA introduced the High-Fidelity Color Tube, it was up to 50% brighter than any previous Color tube. Now New Vista for 1964—with improved electronic circuits—brings you an even better, even brighter color picture!

And RCA Victor has FM sound, plus dependable Space Age Sealed Circuitry.

See the wide choice of styles and models, starting at a new low price of \$449.95—manufacturer's nationally advertised price, optional with dealer, for the Burbank, not shown. Prices, specifications subject to change. Remember—more people own RCA Victor than any other television—black and white or color! See Walt Disney's "Wonderful World of Color," Sundays, NBC-TV Network.



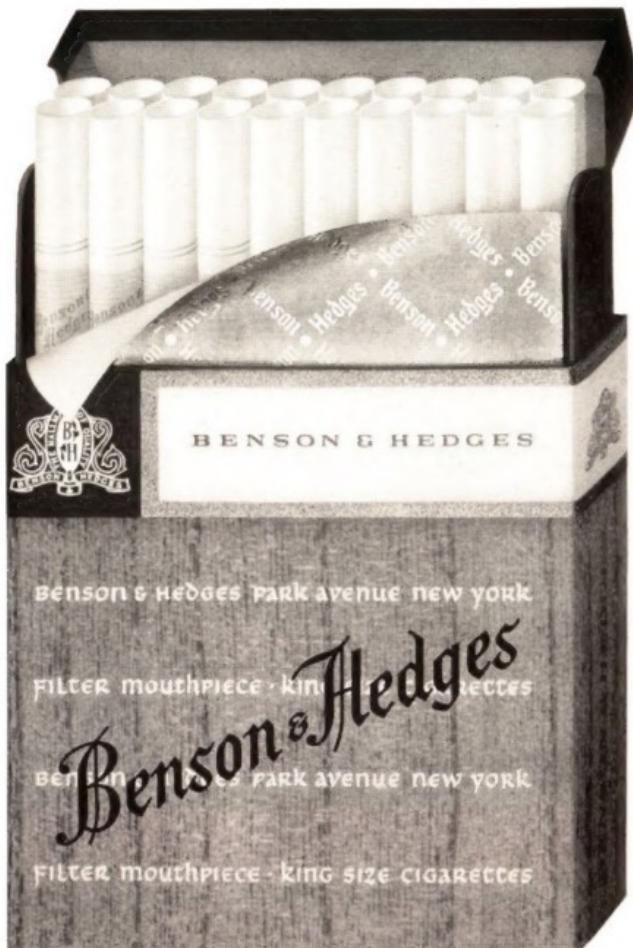
THE SIENNA, ALL-WOOD
ITALIAN PROVINCIAL LOWBOY



The Most Trusted Name in Television



TMA(s)64



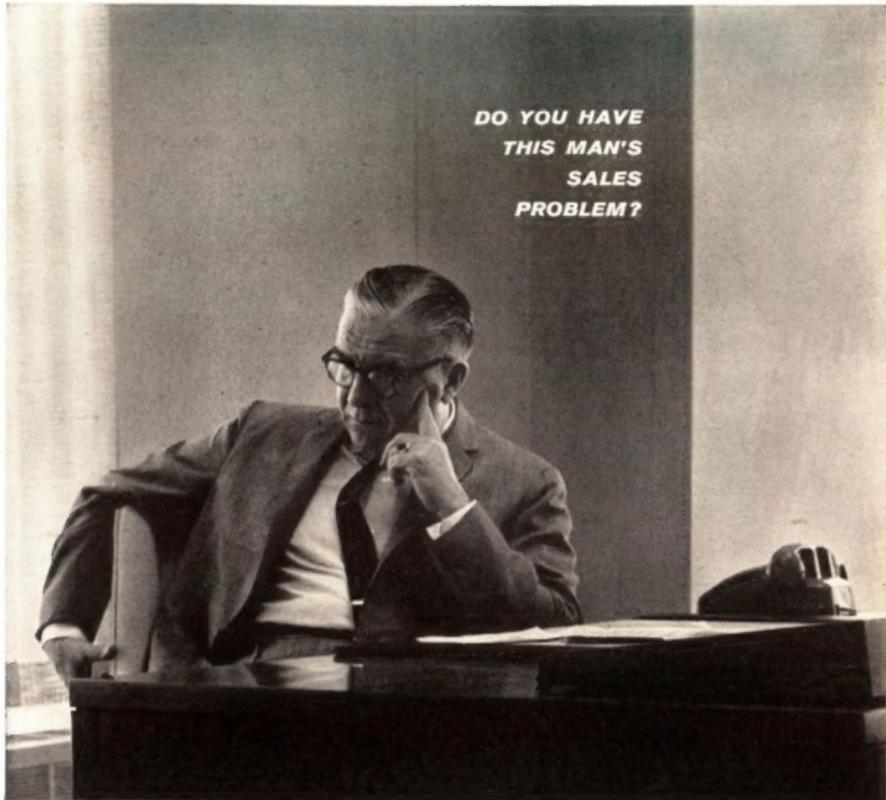
The Case for Benson & Hedges

Whereas: The cover of the handsome Benson & Hedges crush-proof packet slides back to deliver each cigarette easily, in perfect shape;

Whereas: The unique Benson & Hedges filter system is recessed into the mouthpiece so it never touches your lips, never intrudes upon your enjoyment;

Whereas: Benson & Hedges carefully cures, ages, and blends superb tobaccos for rich flavor;

Be it resolved: With Benson & Hedges you pay more...you get more.



**DO YOU HAVE
THIS MAN'S
SALES
PROBLEM?**

"Our selling costs are chewing up our profits"

Solution: Use a "mix" of Long Distance calls and field visits to keep costs down!

Selling by Long Distance has never made more sense than it does today, with personal visits so costly.

It offers nearly all of the virtues of face-to-face

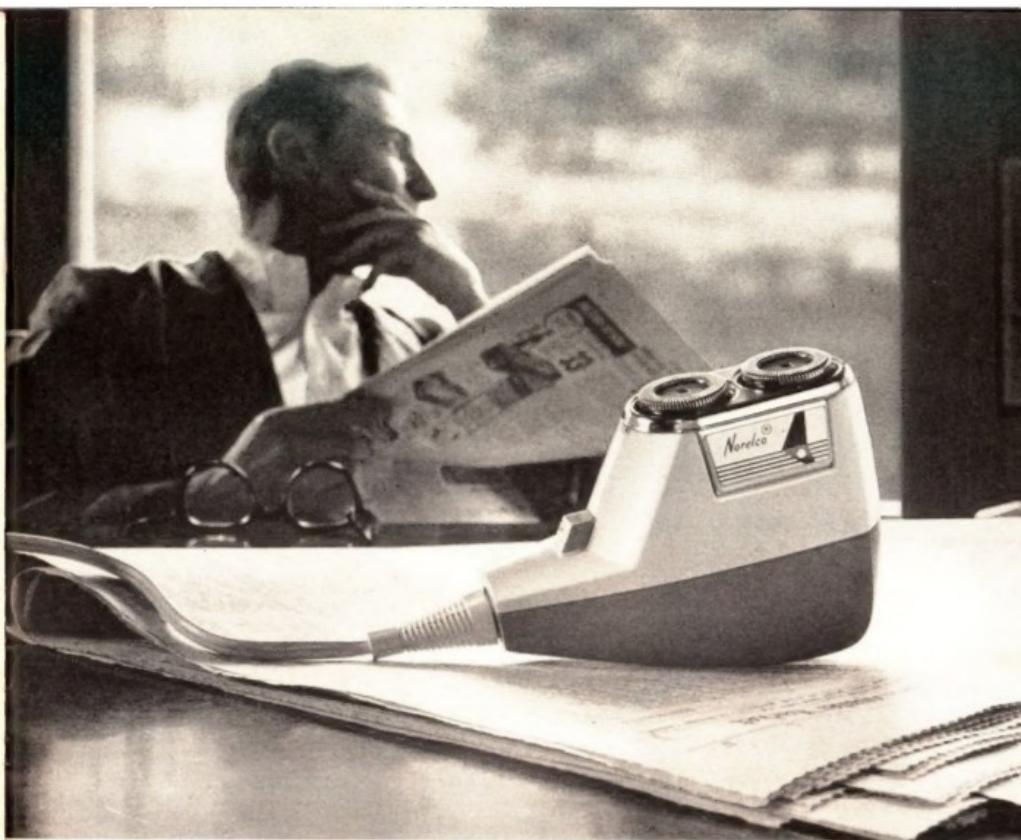
selling—yet costs a fraction as much. Programmed to fit in with your field selling, it can help you maintain frequent contacts with customers, reduce losses to competition and increase sales—profitably.

Try using Long Distance this productive way. It's working for many businesses like yours.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Talk things over, get things done...by Long Distance!



Only Norelco with rotary blades gives you the Comfort Shave

Norelco Speedshavers give you the most comfortable way to shave close and clean.
The reason: rotary blades. They go round and round to stroke off whiskers without pinch or pull.

If your morning shave is a source of irritation or discomfort, it's time you enjoyed the *comfort shave*. The shave you get only from Norelco with rotary blades. No other shaving method works on this advanced principle.

Whirling continuously at 3500 turns a minute, Norelco rotary blades *stroke* off whiskers no matter which way they grow. Rotary blades never stop, never change direction as the blades of back-and-forth shavers do. Made of surgical steel, these self-sharpening rotary blades give you the *most comfortable* way to shave close and clean, 365 days a year. For years on end.

Don't put up with the pinch and pull of ordinary shaving another day. Start getting the *comfort shave* today.



Twin heads swivel to fit face. World-wide use. 110/220 volts (AC/DC). New Norelco "floating-head" Speedshaver 30.

Other Norelco Comfort Shave Products: Preleco®; pre-shave lotion; Finale®; after-shave lotion; Shaver Cleaner; cleans, oils shaver. Home Barber Kit; saves money on haircuts. Great for children.

Norelco®

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NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC., 100 E. 42nd St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.
Other products: Hearing Aids, Radios, Radio-Photographs, Tape Recorders, Dictating Machines, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.



GLASS CONDITIONING... A new idea from PPG



Library, Fox Chapel Area High School
Allegheny County, Pennsylvania

Her boisterous friend the sun
shines gently through
remarkable glass that softens glare

Brilliant sunshine glances off
the schoolyard, flashes its harsh glitter
toward the vast sweep of windows.
Inside the school library,
soft daylight plays across
glossy tables, yellow pads, white pages.
The room has been Glass Conditioned.

GRAYLITE™ Glass, a product
of Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company,
brings the world through the windows--
its color, its changing seasons,
its schoolchild fascinations. Yet GRAYLITE
reduces the glare. And the eyestrain.
Makes a better environment for teaching
and learning.

Isn't this what we want in the schools
we build? In our classrooms, corridors,
libraries, laboratories, gymnasiums?

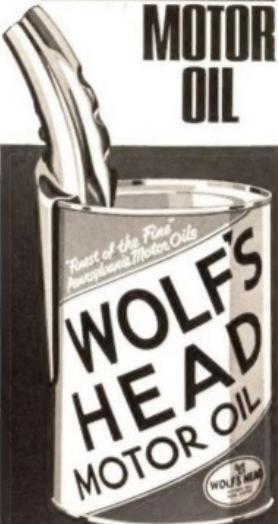
Glass Conditioning with PPG GRAYLITE
and other environmental glasses is a
delightful improvement in the already
stimulating atmosphere of today's open-air
schools. Yet, they cost little more
to install than ordinary glass.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY, Pittsburgh, Pa.



PPG makes the glass that makes the difference

THE UNCOMMON MOTOR OIL



**100% PURE
PENNSYLVANIA**

Tri-ex Refined three extra steps for

**Maximum performance,
Maximum protection,
Maximum economy**

Scientifically fortified to clean as you drive

It pays to be particular about your oil—use WOLF'S HEAD.

**WOLF'S HEAD OIL REFINING CO.
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, February 19

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.), "The Flight from Hollywood," a survey of the shift to international moviemaking, with comments from such notables as George Stevens, John Huston, Otto Preminger and Marlon Brando.

THE DANNY KAYE SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Guests are John Mills and his daughter Hayley.

Thursday, February 20

JONATHAN WINTERS PRESENTS (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A special with Art Carney and the New Christy Minstrels.

Saturday, February 22

THE HOLLYWOOD PALACE (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Gene Kelly is guest M.C., with the José Greco Dancers and Singer Della Reese.

Sunday, February 23

ISSUES AND ANSWERS (ABC, 1:30-2 p.m.). An interview with Adlai Stevenson. ONE OF A KIND (CBS, 4-5 p.m.), "Dublin Through Different Eyes" presents different views of the city by various Dubliners. Photography by Walter Lassally, cameraman for *Tom Jones*.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.), "Depressed Areas, U.S.A."

THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Guests: The Beatles.

DU PONT SHOW OF THE WEEK (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). "The Gambling Heart," a comedy starring Ruth White, Tom Bosley and Sarah Marshall.

Monday, February 24

MONDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). The film biography of Edwin Booth, *Prince of Players*, starring Richard Burton.

Tuesday, February 25

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). The 1,000th broadcast (radio and TV) of this U.S. institution.

THEATER

On Broadway

RUGANTINO, an Italian language musical with English titles suspended over the stage, is a pleasant Broadway novelty. Its bawdry is innocent, its humor is earthy, its girls look blessedly like girls, and its picturesque hero is forever outwitting himself.

AFTER THE FALL In a play dexterously staged by Elia Kazan to represent the ebb and flow of events in memory, Playwright Arthur Miller examines the women who (he believes) have done him wrong, and the wrongs he did them. The play's closeness to Miller's life belongs more properly to voyeurism than to art, and it is gazingly self-absorbed in the importance of being Arthur.

DYLAN. In his final years, Dylan Thomas mourned in drink the distance between himself and the height of his poetic powers. Sir Alec Guinness is just the actor to show the humor, insight and inner pain of the sinking man.

HELLO, DOLLY! Carol Channing promotes a mismatch into an apparently matchless

* All times E.S.T.

"How did you remember



the name of the



finest tasting rum



from Puerto Rico?"



Great reserves of light, dry mountain rums give Merito an unmatched delicacy and dryness. Taste Merito and you'll never forget it.

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THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANIES

See The Travelers exhibit, "The Triumph of Man," at the N.Y. World's Fair opening April 22.

Washington sleeps here,

and so does everyone who comes to Washington looking for more than a place to hang a hat. They eat here. And drink. And talk business. And entertain clients and kings. And join the ladies in the Ballroom. "Here", of course, is The Mayflower, where you ought to be.

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Doors fabricated of MET-L-WOOD panels are light and easy to install yet have extreme high rigidity and strength. The stiffness of a $\frac{1}{4}$ " aluminum faced MET-L-WOOD door panel is about double that of a $\frac{1}{8}$ " aluminum plate that weighs 70% more. MET-L-WOOD doors withstand more abuse than other types, in all kinds of weather, and always provide an attractive finished appearance.

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MET-L-WOOD, a structural laminate, consists of a core of plywood or other lightweight material structurally bonded on both surfaces with metal or other high strength facing material. The result . . . a decorative sandwich panel with high rigidity, strength, durability and light weight!

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MET-L-WOOD Corporation

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duo in this handsome, happy musical of yesteryear New York.

Nobody Loves An Albatross. By adding nonstop wit and a lovable catchiness to the standard picture of a TV wheeler-dealer, playwright Ronald Alexander has boosted the industry's ratings—at least on the Broadway laugh meter.

Barefoot In The Park. by Neil Simon, spends most of its time five flights up, in the company of a couple of six-day newlyweds who are warming their Manhattan flat with love, tiffs and laughter.

Luther. Outraged by clerical abuses, tormented by physical pain, Luther had the strength to struggle with both, and, in words matching the imagery of his physical infirmities with the force of his purpose, he launched the Reformation.

Off Broadway

The Lover. by Harold Pinter, and **Play**, by Samuel Beckett. Pinter's proper couple feast on make-believe adultery, wrapped in mystery and mockery. Beckett's bodyless trio discusses the pains and reveals the banalities of infidelity.

The Trojan Women. Vanquished and about to be enslaved, the Trojan women eloquently vent their passions to create in the playgoer a desolating sense of the agony of war and the immutability of man's fate.

In White America. A documentary that illuminates today's upheaval in race relations. *In White America* details Negro-white discord from cotton picker and master to civil rights leader and U.S. President.

CINEMA

Dr. Strangelove, Or: How I Learned To Stop Worrying And Love The Bomb. Peter Sellers and George C. Scott are brilliant in Director Stanley Kubrick's audacious, morbidly funny satire on the sober subject of nuclear war.

The Fiancés. From the simple tale of a long-engaged couple enduring a painful separation, Italian Director Ermanno Olmi has created a minor cinema classic.

Sunday In New York. The ways of maids and men-about-Manhattan are explored once more, but Jane Fonda, Rod Taylor and Cliff Robertson nip through this will-she-or-won't she farce with contagious exuberance.

The Guest. On film, Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker* retains much of the eerie fascination it generated onstage. Donald Pleasence repeats his matchless performance as the raving old caretaker whose war with existence may or may not be Everyman's.

Point Of Order. A superior documentary, extracted from TV coverage of the 1954 Army-McCarthy hearings, vividly depicts the fall of Senator Joseph McCarthy.

The Easy Life. In this brilliant tragedy from Italy, Vittorio Gassman is the hedonistic hell-raiser who rescues a shy young student from his books, squanders his money, and seals his doom.

Billy Liar. Working-class life in Britain inspires a social cipher (Tom Courtenay) to imagine a faster, funnier world where his own word is law.

To Bed Or Not To Bed. Alberto Sordi plays an Italian merchant testing some hopelessly romantic notions about sowing one's oats in Stockholm.

Love With The Proper Stranger. A Macy's salesgirl (Natalie Wood) hazards a fling with a sometime musician (Steve McQueen), and this tough-minded little



Canada-one flight up! *TCA has more flights to Canada than all other airlines combined.* And once you come aboard, it's TCA all the way. There's no time-consuming change from one airline to another. TCA's schedules are co-ordinated, too. You get to where you want to go without delay. All in all, it's your best choice. The next time you take a trip to Canada, fly TCA...one of the world's great airlines.

TCA TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES  **AIR CANADA**



Put zip into office paper performance...

use Bergstrom's Penpac'd paper. Functional package design stops waste. A slender strip is all you throw away. Then the Penpac® pouch neatly preserves and saves each and every sheet from soil, curl or tear. Always ready for use. Paper quality? Famous fast-feeding, precision cut Odin®. Fine finishes for mimeo, duplicator and office offset printing. White, of course, plus six imaginative colors. Check here □ for Odin samples, and/or Thor® Offset Papers □; Ibsen® Book Papers □; Bergstrom Safety Papers □. Attach to your letter-head, please, and mail to . . .

BERGSTROM PAPER COMPANY  NEENAH, WISCONSIN
Adv. No. 39902

comedy takes it from there, neatly improvising on a humdrum theme.

HALLELUJAH THE HILLS. Vermont is the setting for a surrealistic camping trip in this hilarious first feature by U.S. Director Adolfo Mekas, a hard-shell cinema nut from the Lower East Side.

KNIFE IN THE WATER. A Polish thriller about three people absurd Freudian snoop on which there's many a slip.

TOM JONES. From Fielding's bawdy, boisterous 18th century classic, Director Tony Richardson has fashioned one of the best movies in many years.

BOOKS Best Reading

COOPER'S CREEK, by Alan Moorehead. The author provides his native Australia with a singularly bitter national myth—the story of two explorers, Burke and Wills, who in 1861 became the first to cross their continent from south to north, and discovered that its heart was an unsalvageable desert.

REUBEN, REUBEN, by Peter De Vries. This satire of suburbia has a serious message: the commuter's jargon, with its self-analysis and narcissism, is not just a cultivated mannerism but a disease.

A GOD AND HIS GIFTS, by E. Compton-Burnett. The "god" in this acerbic novel is a memorable domestic tyrant whose crimes are limited to the people closely related to him.

A FINE MADNESS, by Elliott Baker. A lighthearted novel about Samson Shillito, a poet, souse and womanizer who keeps the plot in motion with his talent for anarchic, his tropism for cops, and his tendency to rant at strangers.

THE GOLDEN FRUITS, by Nathalie Sarraute. This is a subtle novel about the publication of an important new novel, and Novelist Sarraute uses the occasion for a witty dissection of cultural tastes and intellectual conformity.

THE WASPHOT SCANDAL, by John Cheever. The decline of a rich old slow and sequestered. When it is, the process can be funny as well as sad. That is the case in this brilliant, merciless novel.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Spy Group*, McCarthy (1 last week)
2. *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, Le Carré (4)
3. *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, West (3)
4. *The Venetian Affair*, MacInnes (2)
5. *The Hat on the Bed*, O'Hara (5)
6. *The Waspshot Scandal*, Cheever (6)
7. *Coravans*, Michener (7)
8. *The Living Reed*, Buck (8)
9. *Von Ryan's Express*, Westheimer (10)
10. *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, Fleming (9)

NONFICTION

1. *Profiles in Courage*, Kennedy (1)
2. *Mandate for Change*, Eisenhower (2)
3. *J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth*, Lasky (3)
4. *Confessions of an Advertising Man*, Ogilvy (4)
5. *Rosco!, North (5)*
6. *My Years With General Motors*, Sloan (7)
7. *The Green Felt Jungle*, Reid and Demaris
8. *Every Night, Josephine*, Susann (9)
9. *The American Way of Death*, Miford (6)
10. *I Owe Russia \$1,200, Hope (8)*



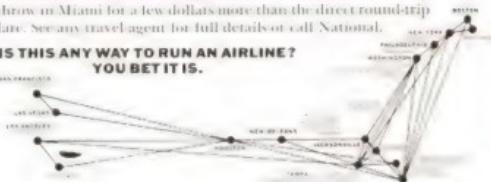
"Swesshlit-tschlunk." Good. Now, can you stay up over the next wave? "Swesshlit-glubglubglubglubglub." Oh well.

Dry off and watch the water ballet. Become an honorary Seminole Indian Chief. Let your wife beat you at tennis. Sing, dance, lose sleep. Tomorrow you can snooze in the sand.

National Airlines flies you to all of Florida's key cities. Come on,

TRIANGLE FAIR: If you're flying from coast to coast, National will throw in Miami for a few dollars more than the direct round-trip fare. See any travel agent for full details or call National. See page 100.

**IS THIS ANY WAY TO RUN AN AIRLINE?
YOU BET IT IS.**



Escape to Florida. Let National plot your jetaway.





THIS IS AN MG SPORTS SEDAN

THIS IS AN MG SNOW PLOW



Some owners actually race our car on frozen lakes.

You could even use it to mop up after blizzards.

Or fill it with four Nearest-and-Dearest and head for ski country... or the A&P.

There is no safer—and more competent—winter car.

Item: a unique, maintenance-free fluid suspension gives the Sports Sedan road-holding qualities that are almost grabby. There are no springs, no shock absorbers. Instead, permanently sealed-in liquid allows the front wheels to telegraph news of What's Ahead to the rear wheels. The result: come snow or ice, rut or ridge, the Sports Sedan stays on the level, keeps its

feet firmly on the ground.

Item: MG's sense-making front-wheel drive. Because it puts the power into the steering wheels, you can aim the car like a bullet—it'll go where you send it. Because it puts the weight over the driving wheels, you get the traction of a baby tank.

There are other reasons why you'll think winter went South for the winter. A British-bred, competition-proved 1100 c.c. MG engine will pull you out of almost any fix. Racing type disc brakes up front will stop you straight as a string from all speeds. And the visibility is almost obscene. (Our car has 2.7 times the glass area of the German machine.)

Want a weather-trained car? Buy ours.

The price is \$1898.

The plow on the front is extra. But then so is the brandy keg on the front of a St. Bernard.



MG SPORTS SEDAN

\$1898^{00*}

*Excludes freight, dealer prep, taxes, title fees, license, options, insurance, license plates, and any state license plate tax which may be applicable in your state.

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Avis needs you. You don't need Avis. Avis never forgets this.



We're still a little hungry.
We're only No.2 in rent a cars.
Customers aren't a dime a dozen
to us.

Sometimes, when business is too
good, they get the short end and aren't
treated like customers anymore.

Wouldn't you like the novel experience of walking
up to a counter and not feel you're bothering somebody?

Try it.

Come to the Avis counter and rent a new, lively super-
torque Ford. Avis is only No.2 in rent a cars. So we have
to try harder to make our customers feel like customers.

Our counters all have two sides.

And we know which side our bread is buttered on.

LETTERS

Warren Investigation

Sir: By devoting your cover [Feb. 14] to showing a picture of the wife of the man who assassinated our late President, you are glorifying the most despicable crime—assassination.

MRS. F. A. STRAUB

Los Angeles

Sir: To encourage people to come to a conclusion before the commission has announced its findings is to undermine one of the basic principles of our legal system.

The more the evidence seems to point in one direction, the more important it is to remind ourselves that everyone must be assumed innocent until proved guilty. To do otherwise is to adopt the logic of a lynch mob.

JOHN T. ENNIS

New York City

Sir: TIME has become so melodramatic! Your story of Marina Oswald's life made me feel like the "constant wener" who "frowned up" in Dorothy Parker's remark. The plastic roses on Oswald's grave were just too much.

MRS. RICHARD H. DICKSON

Indianapolis

Sir: For the first time since those dreadful November days, I felt a pang of pity for Lee Harvey Oswald. Imagine having something like that for a mother.

MRS. DON GARGARO

Detroit

Sir: An excellent story. I wish it were possible for every mother—and father—to read your report on Marguerite Claverie Pie Oswald Ekdahl, mother of Lee Harvey Oswald. Through her seemingly warped personality, her failure to provide a modicum of healthy home environment, her unwillingness or inability to cooperate with professional people and public officials, Marguerite Claverie Pie Oswald Ekdahl plays an unequalable role in the circumstances leading to the assassination of John F. Kennedy. She wants to go down in history? Well, history is replete with unsavory personalities.

ELIZABETH V. PARKER

Randolph, Vt.

Who Shall Not Be Moved?

Sir: Transporting children across school-district lines [Feb. 14] is unreasonable, unrealistic, chaotic, unwise, expensive, an unwarranted favor to any group, and a subversion of the primary purpose of the

schools, which is to educate, not to integrate. Integration is a result of or at most a secondary purpose of the system.

(MRS.) JOAN Y. TUCKER

Kenmore, N. Y.

Sir: As a native Atlantan, I found your article extremely shortsighted and biased. Tokenism does not exist in Atlanta; but racial exhibitionism does, thanks to your ready cameras and dripping pens [Feb. 7]. Atlanta has gone much farther than was necessary in lowering all racial barriers. Atlantans have repudiated their own feelings in a conscientious effort to give the Negro his equality, and now they face disgusting demonstrations in spite of this. The Negro deserved civil equality, and Atlanta gave it. The current demonstrations are unwarranted and indicative of the irresponsible, militant youths leading them. Their behavior is evidence of this.

J. LARRY SANDERS

University of Virginia

Charlottesville, Va.

Sir: I read the article under "Civil Rights," and I hung my head and cried from shame. I am a Negro. "Demonstrators rushed into his place, urinated on the floors when he locked his rest rooms"—no wonder they don't want us in their schools, hotels and restaurants. All Negroes are not filthy, dirty and immoral, but as long as any of our people act in this manner we will be considered so.

MRS. E. L. ESSOUND

Pasadena, Texas

Couve & Grandeur

Sir: Your wonderfully elucidating story on France's Foreign Minister [Feb. 7] reminds me once again that Americans "love France and hate the French." The U.S. has been "achingly slow to learn" that popularity is not diplomacy.

M. D. GALLAWAY

Richmond

Sir: A vital factor in any consideration of the foreign policy of France is that Frenchmen never forget that their country is one of the oldest states in Continental Europe, and has played an important role as a great power continuously from the Dark Ages up to World War II. Now we believe that France is potentially a great power and will become again in fact. Only in this context can we grasp De Gaulle's *politique de grandeur*.

C. LAWRENCE FLAHO

New York City

Sir: In contrasting France's small resources with her diplomatic power, allow

me to quote an old Chinese saying: "Do not try to borrow a comb from a shaven monk."

V. S. PAN

Tegucigalpa, Honduras

Sir: Cheers for France, De Gaulle, and Couve! Would that the U.S.A. could take a hint and realize that spending vast sums for diplomacy demands skill and not the bungling of do-gooder politicians.

(MRS.) ESTHER MONTGOMERY STRONG

Eaglewood, N.J.

Poverty in the U.S.

Sir: Your article about Michael Harrington's book, *The Other America: Poverty in the U.S.* [Feb. 7], was enlightening. Many people seem to believe that the situation in America is as John Galbraith described it in his book *The Affluent Society*. I feel that Harrington's view is more accurate and should be required reading for all.

NANCIE SEITZ

Michigan State University
East Lansing, Mich.

Sir: Michael Harrington hit the nail on the head. There are a lot of Americans who aren't really living, they are just existing. I wonder if the tax cut will favor poor people more than millionaires.

This past year we spent approximately \$1,000 for doctor and hospital bills, which we paid with borrowed money. Now, as I understand it, they are trying to pass a bill that would have us pay taxes to help pay medical bills for my neighbor, who is over 65 and worth over \$50,000. Thank God I could still borrow money to pay my medical bills.

CLEMENT MARTIN

New Holland, Pa.

Sir: I am damn tired of hearing and reading about the tribulations of the poor and unemployed in our country. If an individual doesn't have either the intelligence, or drive or fortitude to get off his posterior, then he deserves what he gets. If technology has made the job obsolete, then find another one; unless my eyes deceive me, newspaper want-ad sections are still asking for short-order cooks as well as physicists.

JEROME A. YOUNG

Houston

Sir: Most of the families I come in contact with are in the \$3,500 bracket. Maybe we don't have the luxuries of the Bakers and the Washington set, but our children go to college, are well dressed, well fed and have excellent medical care.

MARGARET HENRIKSEN

Dunseith, N. Dak.

Matter of Libel

Sir: I feel that everyone must hear the liberal and conservative side to every issue in order to have a sound basis upon which to form an opinion. However, your article concerning the Goldmark case [Jan. 31] was just a little too liberal for even me to stand. You are in essence saying that to call a political candidate a Communist or a Communist sympathizer in print is libel. How ridiculous can you get?

(MRS.) SANDRA K. LITTERAL

Carmel, Ind.

► *The fact is that it's libelous to call anyone a Communist unless he is one.* —FD.

In Idol

Sir: That was a fine article on Humphrey Bogart [Feb. 7], one of America's greatest actors. Never has the idolatry of such

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Charles A. Adams, Gen. Mgr.

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What a man should know when he switches to cigar smoking

1. The correct way to light a cigar.

Use a match but don't touch it to the cigar. Hold the lighted match $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch away from the cigar and draw the flame to the cigar end. This method lights the end evenly and prevents match fumes from entering the cigar and affecting the true taste.

2. You don't have to inhale to enjoy a cigar.

The big majority of cigar smokers find that the good taste of cigar tobacco comes to them without inhaling. That's because cigar tobacco is smoking tobacco in its most enjoyable form. Cigar tobacco is aged for years to achieve its unique mildness and better taste.

3. How to add to your cigar smoking pleasure.

Smoking a cigar is a relaxing pleasure, not a nervous habit. You can enjoy a cigar anytime, but right after lunch or dinner is a particularly good time. Light one up. Puff slowly. Enjoy the aroma. Sit back and relax. It's all a part of cigar enjoyment. (Hint: Don't continually flick the ash off. A half inch or so of ash makes for cooler smoking.)

4. What shape of cigar to start with?

We recommend a White Owl Miniature. It's slim and easy to handle. It goes well with any shape of

face. Later on you might choose a larger cigar. If so, White Owl offers you a complete selection.

5. Why smoke a White Owl Miniature?

The White Owl Miniature is long enough to satisfy you completely, yet short enough to smoke when time is precious. The aroma is welcome in any social setting. Yes, a man can always smoke a White Owl Miniature. The tobaccos in the White Owl Miniature are aged to give you an unusual degree of mildness not found in other cigars. And, of course, there's the famous White Owl taste...the taste that has made White Owl a favorite of cigar smokers for generations.

6. Extra enjoyment among cigar smokers.

The conviviality of cigar smoking builds a bond between men. The Chinese called tobacco "the herb of amiability"—and cigars are fine tobacco. Cigars also have status. For centuries they have been the favorites of kings, presidents and prime ministers.

A word to women.

A good cigar can calm a man down, relax him, settle his thoughts, make your life more enjoyable. Cigars always make good presents for the man in your life. As John Galsworthy said, "By the cigars they smoke, and the composers they love, ye shall know the texture of men's souls."

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a cult been so deservedly bestowed. The uncommon good sense of the Harvards is very encouraging.

JOHN S. FORD

Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Sir: We think that the somewhat feverish Bogey revival now being enjoyed by the Harvard-Radcliffe sect should be placed in its more proper perspective. Bogey has been a byword at Bryn Mawr for years. Bogart Week on the Late Show has always drawn capacity crowds in the TV rooms here, and yet our appreciation is not confined to faddish imitations.

SUSAN DEUPREE, '64

Bryn Mawr College
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Sir: So what else is new? The Circle Theatre in Washington, D.C., has run several Humphrey Bogart film festivals in the past five years. There are those of us in this provincial capital who were looking at 'em, kid, long before Our Hero was discovered by the Harvard Yard.

JANET C. JACEWICZ

Arlington, Va.

Sir: I am appalled at the ability of Cliffe dwellers to take such fare seriously. Let Radcliffe girls return to their theses on Algerian Urbanization and Old French Literature and save their energy for civil rights demonstrations, Peace Corps recruitment, identity crises, and other activities more worthy of their breed.

PETER A. REICH

(M.L.T., '62)

University of Michigan Graduate School
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir: You say it's worth a few points among Harvard's Bogart-film lovers to know that Dooley Wilson played the piano player in *Casablanca*. Is there a bonus for knowing that Dooley Wilson couldn't really play?

TOM PRENGLE

San Francisco

► Well, in a way, Dooley could play, but didn't in *Casablanca*. The ghost player was Elliott Carpenter.—ED.

Sir: Apparently your writer has surpassed Harvard's adulting Bogartophiles by crediting him with that classic line, "I don't have to show you no stinkin' badge." It was actually spoken by Alfonso Bedoya, Bogart's assassin in *Treasure of Sierra Madre*.

YVONNE LEWIS

Baton Rouge, La.

► TIME forfeits these points.—ED.

Ghost No More

Sir: TIME can be very timely at times. Not two days previous to receiving the Feb. 7 issue, I searched the back of my *An Affair to Remember* album in vain for information on the fascinatingly beautiful voice listed only as "soprano—Marnie Nixon." The big question then became "Who is Marnie Nixon?" Thank you for not letting such a voice go unsung!

MRS. WILLIAM B. GLENN JR.

Morgantown, W. Va.

Review Mirror

Sir: Mr. Lamb may be an expert in accumulating money, but his naivete and disregard for precedent and the lessons of history are appalling, particularly for a sometime lawyer [Feb. 7]. If man did not

occasionally look "backward through a rearview mirror," he would still be trying to invent the wheel and discover fire.

WILLIS ROKES
Attorney and Professor of
Business Administration
University of Omaha
Omaha

Sir: As a student of the law, Mr. Lamb should have acquired insight into the judicial process, respect for its refusal to render judgments that may be popular but not just, and appreciation for the manner in which it subtly, but dynamically, responds to the needs of society in flux.

As a businessman, Mr. Lamb should know that, but for the existence of precedent and its probabilities, no executive could make decisions affecting his company with any degree of certainty.

ALAN E. CONE

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Bootstrapper

Señor: *Muchas gracias* for your wonderful article on Puerto Rico's progress [Feb. 14]. We *Puertoriqueños* in the city of New York are so proud of the work that our leader Luis Muñoz Marín has done.

JAIMIE LILLY

New York City

Affirmation Within Grief

Sir: Leonard Bernstein is right in thinking of the *Kaddish* as less a lament for the dead than an affirmation of life in the face of death" [Feb. 7].

Originally, the *Kaddish* prayer had nothing to do with death. It was recited by ancient scholars who wanted to hallow God's name when they completed certain portions of their sacred studies.

Somewhat later these sages recited the prayer when one of their own died—to suggest that a portion of their work had been ended. Still later, it became a universal prayer. Much later, literal references to death were introduced.

The heart of the person who recites the prayer today may be heavy with grief, but the prayer itself is still a heroic affirmation of life.

JOSEPH R. NAROT

Temple Israel of Greater Miami
Miami

Women of the World

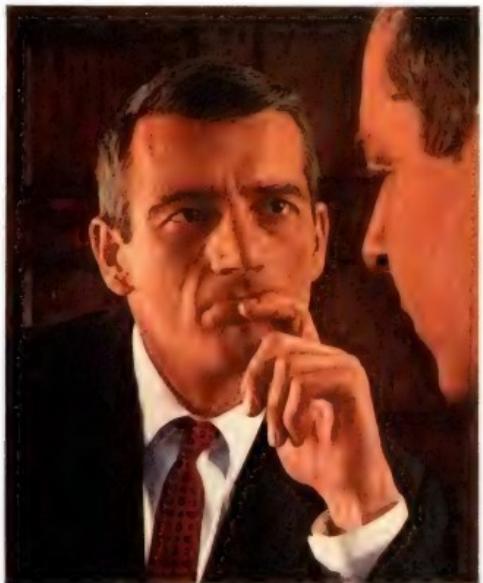
Sir: As a regular reader of TIME Magazine and as a great admirer of Senator Margaret Chase Smith, I was more than impressed when I read that she has announced she is going to run for the G.O.P. presidential nomination. This is great news! It is high time the great U.S. had a woman President.

(MISS) M. W. GEIHARA

Nairobi, Kenya

Addressees Letters-to-the-Editor to 1101 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

February 21, 1964 Vol. 83, No. 8

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Predictability Gap

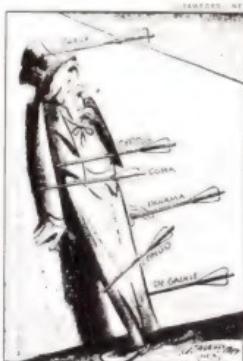
Not that crisis is to be recommended, but there is nothing like a real, full-blown, to-the-brink international flap to clear the air of confusion. Crisis can, in fact, impose its own orderliness, washing away irrelevancies, clarifying issues in black and white terms, mobilizing national resource and purpose, setting

of the Middle East. If Laos went, so, like a row of dominoes, would South Viet Nam, Thailand and the rest of Southeast Asia. Any Communist action had to be met instantly and decisively by Western reaction. All this led to a certain predictability of policy.

That predictability is now lacking. For one thing, some of the old verities no longer seem so true. The Communist world is not monolithic, and Rus-

Their communiqué was a masterpiece of blandness. Home solemnly pledged Britain's support of U.S. policy in South Viet Nam; Johnson automatically reaffirmed U.S. support of Britain's desire for "the peaceful national independence of Malaysia." And together the two nations would continue the "pursuit of peace" for all they were worth.

The communiqué neglected to mention some differences of opinion—par-



BE MY VALENTINE!



"BUT ARE YOU OLD ENOUGH TO MEAN IT?"

A frustrating, exciting, developmental period.

in train a predictable sequence of action and reaction.

Throughout most of the cold war years, the world has lived in a state of constantly recurring crisis. So accustomed have so many become to the condition that its absence can cause a vague sense of unease. Cyprus? Guantánamo? Panama? South Viet Nam? East Africa? Malaysia? All are trouble spots. But taken separately or even together, they do not quite seem to spell CRISIS. Feeling this, the average news-reader is likely to have certain qualms and begin to wonder if something isn't really going on that he ought to know about and be able to worry about.

Dominio Theory. For so long, the cold war was waged on the basis of seemingly eternal verities. Communism was a monolith and therefore all the more powerful, dangerous—and, for some reason, efficient. The domino theory guided U.S. foreign policy. If Greece fell, so would Turkey, then most

sia's Khrushchev is beset by economic and political difficulties that would make any Western statesman blanch with dismay (*see cover story in THE WORLD*). Moreover, in recent months new men have become heads of government in three of the West's four most powerful nations. Konrad Adenauer, Harold Macmillan, and even John Kennedy in his relatively short tenure were known quantities. Their reactions to given challenges could be foretold with considerable accuracy. But Ludwig Erhard, Sir Alec Douglas-Home and Lyndon Johnson are not bound by the policies—or for that matter the shibboleths—of their predecessors. All are feeling their way, seeking new foreign-policy avenues, and their course is difficult to predict.

Masterpiece of Blandness. Last week, for example, Britain's Prime Minister flew to Washington to visit the President of the U.S. Sir Alec and Lyndon got along famously—up to a point,

ticularly in trade policy toward Communist nations. One thing that Home did inherit from Macmillan was a belief that Khrushchev had renounced nuclear war as an instrument of foreign policy, and that the West would be better served by dealing with a fat Communist than with a lean and hungry one. Home, therefore, is anxious to expand trade with Communism. Britain is holding elections this year, and the idea is politically popular. But Johnson disagreed with his thesis. And, as it happens, he too is up for election, and in the U.S. increased trade is more controversial.

As the West's new leaders probe for new foreign-policy approaches, there is always the danger of a misstep. Johnson, for instance, almost certainly over-reacted to Fidel Castro's nuisance-value move of cutting off Guantánamo's water supply. He has got to learn that activity, or even action, is not to be equated with wisdom. And he seems to be more thin-skinned than a Texan

should be over criticism of his conduct of foreign affairs. Last week, before a group of Internal Revenue agents, he made some petulant off-the-cuff remarks in defense of his record.

Greyer Skies. "We have problems in the world," he conceded, "We are living in a frustrating period, an exciting period, a developmental period. I have seen times when the skies were greyer. We don't have on our hands a missile crisis in Cuba. We don't have Laos; we don't have the conference in Vienna that we faced the first few months of President Kennedy's Administration—the Bay of Pigs—all of those were major problems." As for today's problems, Johnson labeled them "distresses," then added: "You will hear alarmists and people who like to jump on their Government, people who like to criticize, people who find it quite impossible to be affirmative and constructive. They will join with some of our opponents, and they will be almost as much of a problem as some of our other enemies. The best way to treat them is just, 'God forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

Despite such hypersensitivity to criticism and some unpredictability in Johnson's handling of foreign policy, some things do remain perfectly predictable. Although there may be variations in attitude and approach, the basic U.S. positions against Communism will remain firm. Nor will the U.S. dissipate its military and economic strength. For as long as it maintains those strengths, it can afford to let both its friends and its enemies indulge in a degree of foreign-policy experimentation. And there need be no great risk of one of these all-clarifying crises.

THE PRESIDENCY

Spirit of St. Louis

Last week President Johnson named U.S. Ambassador to Colombia Fulton Freeman as the new Ambassador to Mexico; issued an executive order banning employment discrimination because of age in businesses with federal contracts; wished a busy Lady Bird Happy Valentine's Day via the mobile telephone in her White House limousine; and did a lot of dancing.

A Ragtime Two-Step. The light-footedness took place at two White House parties, the annual diplomatic corps reception, and a state dinner for Sir Alec Douglas-Home. Regardless of what the musicians played, samba, cha-cha-cha, Dixieland or waltz, Lyndon kept in time with a simple two-step. He was best, said some of his partners, to *Alexander's Ragtime Band*.

When the President offered his arm to U.P.I. Reporter Helen Thomas, she wrote in a first-person, "I-danced-with-the-President" story, she was so flustered that she blurted: "Mr. President, the chandeliers are bright tonight." This was a reference to Johnson's drive to cut down on the White House light

bill. "He didn't smile," said Reporter Thomas. "I guess it was the wrong thing to say."

In Buster Browns. The President also last week flew to St. Louis to open that city's celebration of its 200th birthday. From the airport he moved in a heavily guarded motorcade to the Mississippi river front to view a partially completed \$10 million, 630-ft.-high steel arch that is rising in the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial, a National Park Service project.

At St. Louis University, Johnson told a crowd of 7,000 that he had been aware of St. Louis' importance "since I wore my first pair of Buster Brown shoes," a reference to the city's shoe-manufacturing complex, and announced that he had appointed the St. Louis Cardinals' retired Star Stan Musial to be the new director of the President's Council on Physical Fitness. Musial, 43, succeeds Oklahoma Foot-

ball coach Charles B. ("Bud") Wilkinson, who resigned to run for the U.S. Senate from Oklahoma as a Republican.

The "new spirit of St. Louis," which meant progress instead of urban decay. "But it is not enough to build healthier local communities," the President pointed out. "America's larger task now is to help build a healthier world community. We cannot secure the success of freedom around the world if it is not secure for all citizens in our cities." As Johnson talked, St. Louis cops rounded up 86 civil rights demonstrators who had started to march toward the hotel where he was speaking.

THE CONGRESS

Now the Talking Begins

By a vote of 290 to 130, the House of Representatives last week passed a sweeping civil rights bill and sent it to the Senate. The breakdown on the vote was interesting: 152 Democrats and 138 Republicans voted for the measure; 96 Democrats and only 34 Republicans voted against it. In other words, in one of the most lopsidedly Democratic Houses since the days of F.D.R., Republicans were vital to the passage of a bill for which the Democratic Administration means to take full political credit this year.

Tomfoolery. Because of the party-line stance taken by the Republicans under the leadership of Indiana's Charlie Halleck, the bill's diehard Democratic opponents knew they were fighting a lost cause. They therefore spent the last hours of debate engaging in tomfoolery. For example, Virginia's Judge Howard Smith, chairman of the Rules Committee and leader of the Southern Democratic forces, offered an amendment that would ban discrimination by reason of gender as well as race. "This bill is so imperfect," said he, "what harm will this little amendment do?"

"Nothing could be more logical," chimed in New York Republican Katherine St. George, speaking to her male colleagues. "We outlast you. We outlive you. We nag you to death. We want this crumb of equality. And the little word sex won't hurt the bill."

Four other female House members rose to second the idea. But Oregon Democrat Edith Green went and spoiled all the fun. "At the risk of being called an Aunt Jane, if not an Uncle Tom," she said, "let us not add any amendment that would get in the way of our primary objective." Her logic failed to impress the House. It passed the amendment, 168 to 133, to the delight of a woman in the gallery, who shouted, "We made it! We made it! God bless America!" She was promptly ejected.

At the Senate Door. After the final vote, President Johnson praised the House for its action. "Now," he said, "the task is for the Senate. I hope the same spirit of nonpartisanship will prevail there."

Small chance. For one thing, Republican Senate leaders like Illinois' Everett Dirksen have already announced themselves as opposed to the bill's public ac-



MUSIAL & FRIEND
And what about that speech?

ball Coach Charles B. ("Bud") Wilkinson, who resigned to run for the U.S. Senate from Oklahoma as a Republican.

That night, at a dinner attended by 2,100, Johnson nearly struck out with the town's baseball fans. His prepared text said: "St. Louis is—as your old saying goes—first in many things and no longer last in the American League." Of course, St. Louis has not been in the American League at all since the old Browns left for Baltimore after the 1953 season. Presidential aides therefore issued a correction changing the text to read, "No longer last in the National League." But that was not much of an improvement, since the Cardinals, as every fan knows, won nine pennants and six World Series between 1926 and 1946 and haven't finished last since 1918. By this time, the statement was so mixed up that Lyndon wisely deleted it from his speech.

On a looser plane, Johnson praised

commodations section. For another, the bill, when it arrives from the House this week, would ordinarily be sent first to the Senate Judiciary Committee, chaired by Mississippi Democrat James Eastland. If left up to Eastland, the measure would stay in committee forever. Therefore plans have been made to "meet the bill at the Senate door" and, with the help of some complex and unusual parliamentary strategy, bypass Eastland's committee. But not even that will forestall a Democratic filibuster. And if anything is certain, it is that when the bill does come to the floor, its Democratic opponents will try to talk it to death.

INVESTIGATIONS

A Defendant Who Wants Attention

Just as loquacious as Marguerite Oswald was Jack Ruby, who appeared in court in an effort to get his forthcoming trial moved out of Dallas.

Ruby told reporters that he has been reading the Bible ("The truth has come to me during incarceration") and delivered a disjointed discourse on the meaning of patriotism and hatred: "I think after being incarcerated as long as I have, I know that most people don't know how small is the minority of people in the world who create hatred. They are the cancer on our free society. So many of our great people have been hurt by them."

"I am not frightened. I am a God-fearing man, but who wouldn't have difficulty in my situation? I know that I face a serious charge. I am a 100% American who loves his country. I love my President. I have intestinal fortitude. I want to do so much for democracy . . ." When photographers yelled, "Jack! Jack! Look this way, Jack!" Ruby replied, "That's right, I'm Jack, I'm Jack." But at another point, he admonished the photographers: "Instead of yelling, 'Jack, Jack,' say, 'Mr. Ruby, turn this way,' and I'll be happy to."

Acrimony. Despite all Ruby's efforts to gain attention, it was really a lawyers' week in Judge Joe Brown's small courtroom. Chief Defense Attorney Melvin Belli and his assistant, Texas Lawyer Joe Tomahill, subpoenaed more than 150 witnesses to help prove the defense contention that Ruby cannot get a fair trial in Dallas. Belli brought only 41 of them to the stand. Most of them agreed that it would be difficult to find twelve unprejudiced men for a jury; but then again, they thought it would be possible. Department Store Operator Stanley Marcus, for one, thought it would be "more likely" that Ruby would get a fair trial somewhere else but under cross-examination admitted that a fair trial was at least conceivable in Dallas.

Belli had an acrimonious confrontation with Dallas Public Relations Man Sam Bloom, who has taken on the job of handling technical arrangements for the trial, including issuance of press cre-



SAM BLOOM ON THE STAND (AT RIGHT: BELLI)

"Don't bark at me." "Don't smile at me."

dentials. During one exchange, Bloom snapped: "Don't bark at me, Mr. Belli." Cried Belli: "Don't smile at me, Mr. Bloom." Belli kept trying to make Bloom admit that Dallasites really wanted to try Ruby in their city, convict him, and thereby get rid of some sort of guilt complex. But Bloom was insistent: "I don't think Dallas has any sins."

Invitation to Insult. At last, Judge Brown handed down a decision that was at best indecisive. He ordered attorneys to begin this week to select a jury. The questioning of prospective jurors, said Brown, "is the true test of whether this trial should be changed to another city." If an impartial panel cannot be selected, he might then order a change of venue.

That seemed almost an invitation to Melvin Belli. Said he: "We are going to do everything this side of insulting a prospective juror in order to determine if they do or do not have a conscious or unconscious prejudice."



OSWALD'S MOTHER IN WASHINGTON

"I can talk for hours."

A Mother Who Wants to Write

Determined to defend her son's name, Marguerite Oswald last week delivered a monologue before the Warren Commission in Washington. She carried with her a shoulder bag containing letters that Lee Harvey Oswald had written to her from the Soviet Union, as well as several undisclosed "documents." Precisely what she told the commission was not made public, but it was evident that the patient investigators learned little that was new or pertinent. Mrs. Oswald, said Chief Justice Earl Warren, "produced nothing that would change the picture."

A Positive Person. Away from the commission's hearing room, she held court for reporters. "I can talk for hours," she said. She insisted that Lee Oswald had been an agent for the Central Intelligence Agency, and that he "had been set up to take the blame" for the Kennedy assassination. He was the scapegoat, she said, mispronouncing it as "scrapgoat." Frequently referring to him in the present tense, she asked: "Who can prove he is not a CIA agent? He isn't going to say he's a CIA agent, and the Government isn't going to say he is. Lee, being an agent, would not say so to anyone." If he was, he didn't tell CIA Chief John McCone, who hastily announced that Oswald had never worked for his outfit.

Undaunted, Mrs. Oswald vowed to reporters that, "I'm a positive person. You know, I have a philosophy. I have a deep sense of justice. I even think a Communist is a human being. Even if my son is a Marxist, he is a human being. Even Buddhists are human beings—Catholics, Jews and Negroes, or whatever our religion, we are all human beings. We live and breathe the same free air. I don't think a name means anything. Just because you're a high official, it doesn't mean anything. It's

the man behind the name. Suppose you are a high official, that doesn't impress me. Even a Communist may have wonderful views."

"I'm Indignant." Mrs. Oswald is not very high on one official in particular—Lyndon Johnson. She was offended because the President did not invite her to the White House during her Washington visit. She was also miffed because Jackie Kennedy had neglected to send condolences when Lee Oswald was shot. "After all," Mrs. Oswald said, "we loved Lee just as much as she loved her husband. We're human beings, too. I'm indignant at her, and I resent her thinking we're not as good as she is."

Marguerite Oswald claims that she has plenty more to tell, but she is saving it. "I have to have something left to write about, don't I?" she said to a reporter. "I can't tell you everything." She plans to visit some New York publishers, hopes to get an advance of \$25,000 or \$50,000 for a book she intends to write. "I don't even think I'll have to have a ghostwriter for my book," she muses. "No, I don't want one. I believe I can write the book by dictating."

REPUBLICANS

Finally, Zeroing In

Like their less ambitious party colleagues, the busy Republican presidential hopefuls, after several weeks of higgledy-piggledy campaigning, finally seemed to be zeroing in on President Johnson's foreign policy, or the lack thereof.

Tailoring his talk to the locale, Barry Goldwater told an audience of 400 in dice-shooting Reno, Nev., that Johnson's handling of foreign affairs reminded him of "a fellow that just crapped out six times in a row." In New Hampshire, Nelson Rockefeller said the President "has shown a lack of ability to

keep on top of the important things in foreign policy." Richard Nixon said in Cincinnati that he found it hard "to name any place in the world where the U.S. is not being blackmailed, threatened, insulted or knocked around by some pip-squeak dictator." Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton said foreign policy was becoming the No. 1 campaign issue in 1964, urged the G.O.P. to "take advantage of this."

"**Less of a Menace.**" But then, back to the higgledy-piggledy. Goldwater, whose campaign to date has had all the zip of a snapped rubber band, left New Hampshire's sub-zero climate for a region he finds more hospitable, the Far West. In Portland, he was greeted by an airport crowd of 300 sporting cowboy hats with the AuH₂O symbol and signs inscribed, OUT WEST WE LIKE BARRY BEST, and he drew \$5,000 with a speech at the city's new Coliseum. Arriving in San Francisco, Goldwater told newsmen that the John Birch Society's latest attack on John F. Kennedy as a Communist dupe was "detestable," but he refused to disavow Birchite support. "The John Birch Society is far less of a menace to the U.S. than the Americans for Democratic Action or the U.A.W.," he said. "These are the people who advocate socialism." Up on Nob Hill, Barry got an enthusiastic reception from 2,000 at the Commonwealth Club, and in Sacramento, he predicted that the winner of California's June 2 primary "will be the Republican nominee." Added he: "I intend to win in California—win big."

Throughout the week Barry hit the theme of party unity, warning, "We can't afford the luxury of infighting." He said that he and Rocky were actually closer on the issue of "welfarism" than such Democrats as, say, Wayne Morse and Harry Byrd. But that still left them mighty far apart, and Barry could not resist wisecracking that a race between Rockefeller and Johnson "would be a choice of Tweedledee and Tweedledum."

Snowshoes & Skis. Meanwhile, Rocky and Senator Margaret Chase Smith were stepping up their campaigns in New Hampshire. The lady from Maine rose with the sun, stomped around in a beaver-skin coat to shield her from temperatures that reached 29 below zero, donned snowshoes to clump around in the Canadian border town of Pittsburg (pop. 200). Annoyed that press reports invariably mention her age, she said that "Winston Churchill was three years older than I when he first became Prime Minister." (Actually, he was 65 to Maggie's 66.) She also proved that she has energy enough for a pair of 33-year-olds, squeezing in two hours of campaigning before breakfast at 8:30 and making stops in places like Ellsworth, which has all of nine registered voters.

As for Rocky, he rambled through picturesque hamlets in a chartered bus, seemed to thrive on an endless round

of "Hi there, fellah" sessions on frozen street corners. Happy, five months pregnant, stayed at home, but she managed to make the papers anyway by taking two of her four children—Wendy and Jamie—to hear the Beatles at Carnegie Hall (see SHOW BUSINESS). Rocky dropped in on Albany long enough to pose with a bunch of Boy Scouts, looking for all the world as if he were the one who had just been awarded the Eagle badge. But he devoted most of his energy to New Hampshire. He climbed a 5-ft. ladder to shake hands with three girls who were leaning out of a second-story window in Dover, dropped in at a Contoocook beauty parlor to chat with the ladies, and only once during the week did he seem slightly rattled. That came during a visit to Mount Sunapee State Park, when he was shaking hands with skiers and a six-year-old boy protested: "Rockefeller, will you get off my skis!"

You First. Among the rest of the field, Nixon visited Philadelphia and Cincinnati, laid on trips to Florida and Illinois in his avid nonpursuit of the nomination. Candidate Harold Stassen, who looks and sounds more like a non-candidate than the noncandidates themselves, admitted to Harvard's Young Republicans that he was "at the bottom of the totem pole" in New Hampshire. Even that was an understatement. And in Detroit, Michigan's Governor George Romney breakfasted with Pennsylvania's Scranton in the Sherman-Cadillac Hotel, and each tried to persuade the other to jump into the race. Scranton said he would be simply "delighted" if Romney would run. Romney said, "I would be delighted if Governor Scranton would." All in all, said Scranton afterward, "it was sort of an Alphonse and Gaston act." The only trouble with that kind of act is that it can be kept up too long.



ROCKEFELLER & SCOUTS
"Hi, fellahs!"



POLITICS

The New Hampshire Campaign

In New Hampshire's frozen Lake Winnipesaukee region, a tall, stiff-spined farmer in high laced boots stood before the Meredith Village Savings Bank one morning last week and shook his head slowly. "I've had so much information from so many candidates about what I should do," said 70-year-old Jesse L. Ambrose, "that my bucolic mind is utterly confused."

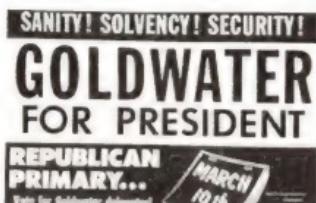
Only three weeks away, New Hampshire's first-in-the-nation Republican presidential primary is indeed enough to befuddle almost any mind. For a while, it figured to be a two-man contest between Barry Goldwater and Nelson Rockefeller. From that it has turned into a scramble involving half a dozen big-name Republicans.

The ballot itself indicates the difficulties facing G.O.P. voters. It is a fearsome document, divided into five columns, containing some 125 names and running 11 1/2 long. The fifth column is for the presidential and vice-presidential "popularity contest." In it are listed the avowed candidates: Goldwater, Rockefeller, Maine's Senator Margaret Chase Smith and Harold Stassen. Two New Hampshireans are listed, presumably just to see their names in print: Norman Lepage, a Nashua accountant who also ran in the 1962 senatorial primary; and Wayne Green of Peterborough, publisher of a ham-radio magazine, who filed for Vice President. Unlisted, but with backers busily courting write-in votes, are Richard Nixon and U.S. Ambassador to South Viet Nam Henry Cabot Lodge.

For a state with only 14 delegates to the G.O.P.'s July convention (out of 1,308) and four electoral votes (out of 538), the candidates are spending lavishly of their time, energy and money. By primary time, Rockefeller will have campaigned four full weeks in the state and Goldwater three. Nixon and Lodge plan no appearances, but their supporters are doling out good cash for expensive mailings and high-powered organizations in attempts to draw at least 10,000 write-in votes apiece, which they hope will establish them as possible compromise candidates in July.

Crowded House. New Hampshire has long since come to expect such serious efforts in its primaries. The state itself takes its politics in dead earnest. Though it is 45th among the states in population (616,921), its 400-member house of representatives is the fourth-largest in the English-speaking world (after Britain's Upper and Lower Chambers and the U.S. House), giving a remarkable number of people a crack at active roles in politics. In a sense, the house perpetuates the New England town meeting, and in that sort of atmosphere even the most attractive candidates are hard put to get a bandwagon rolling.

Despite its 3-to-2 Republican edge and its reputation for old-fashioned



PROMOTING THE CANDIDATES
Enough to confuse a bucolic mind.

conservatism. New Hampshire is not composed wholly of taciturn Yankee shopkeepers who spend winters around potholed stoves, summers shooing away tourists, and election day pulling G.O.P. levers. Fed by waves of immigrants from Ireland, Central Europe and Canada, its population is 39.2% Catholic. One-sixth of its citizens are French Canadian, and there are communities where French is the first language, not English.

But the big population centers are in the south, and 52% of New Hampshire's people live within 50 miles of Boston. That proved a big help to Massachusetts' John Kennedy in 1960, when he got his presidential campaign rolling in high gear by piling up the biggest Democratic primary vote in the state's history. That same factor could help Cabot Lodge, another Bay Stater, make a strong showing.

Senior Citizens. Also unusual is the large number of people who move to New Hampshire when they retire, lured back by memories of skiing in the rugged White Mountains, trout-fishing in the frothy Pemigewasset River and boating along Lake Winnipesaukee. With 11.2% of its population in the 65-or-older bracket, the state has the fourth highest proportion of "senior citizens" in the U.S. (after Missouri, Ne-

braska and Iowa). And that gives it a sizable bloc of voters who bristle when Barry Goldwater speaks disparagingly of social security benefits.

But New Hampshire also has a large number of men and women who believe that Goldwater's philosophy is the closest thing in U.S. politics to the state's motto: "Live Free or Die." There were enough of them, in fact, to give Barry an overwhelming edge in the early polls—as much as 3 to 1, according to some. Barry also has a formidable array of New Hampshire Republican leaders behind him, including Senator Norris Cotton, the late Senator Styles Bridges' widow Doloris, and the presiding officers of the state house and senate. But his humdrum campaigning has left many voters cold, and his campaign managers now claim that a 45% vote for him would amount to a vast victory.

Rocky, in the meantime, seems to be closing the gap. What worries his backers most is that Lodge, Maggie Smith and even Stassen are more likely to siphon off Rockefeller than Goldwater votes, while Nixon will probably cut into both.

Final Push. This week both Goldwater and Rockefeller planned to campaign hard in the state. Mrs. Smith, who is getting a surprisingly warm response, says she might even risk her

remarkable record of attendance at Senate roll calls (she has missed one out of some 1,600) by spending more time campaigning. Harold Stassen? "If you know when he is coming back again," sighed a spokesman at his Manchester headquarters, "you are one up on me."

Flying the polls, all the candidates note fretfully that upwards of 30% of New Hampshire's 100,000-plus Republicans apparently have not yet made up their minds about which candidate will get their votes. When they do, they may make the first big presidential news of Election Year 1964.

LABOR

"On a Cross of Falsehoods"

Even though they can expect precious little support from the leaders of organized labor, Republican politicians remain generally reluctant to take on the union bosses in direct conflict. Last week Pennsylvania's Governor William

Scranton named no names in his assault, but Pennsylvania AFL-CIO President Harry Boyer felt certain that he knew whom the Governor was talking about. Boyer retorted that he would like to discuss the issue with Scranton "in a dispassionate and objective manner—singularly absent from his address." Boyer's organization, of course, vowed an all-out fight against Scranton's reform proposals.

Since Scranton is prominently mentioned as a possible G.O.P. presidential nominee, his speech set off speculation about how it might affect his national chances. The likely answer: no harm done, and perhaps some good. Big La-

southern Florida was blown up. Later in the week, four boys found 45 sticks of dynamite wired to the main line tracks near Titusville, dismantled them barely minutes before a 70-car freight highballed by. And at week's end, another dynamiting near New Smyrna Beach derailed 14 cars.

Such incidents were bad enough, but perhaps even worse was a 48-hour disruption of construction at the Cape Kennedy (near Canaveral) space complex, where 3,500 workers refused to cross picket lines set up by the strikers. The railroad has a contract with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to haul heavy building materials to the cape. As a result of the picketing, 30 projects worth \$200 million were closed down, including construction of the site where the Saturn rocket moon shot will be assembled.

A temporary restraining order, sought by the National Labor Relations Board to halt the picketing, was issued, and work got going at the cape again. But no one knew for how long.

OPINION

Through a Brother's Eyes

In various editions, John Kennedy's *Profiles in Courage* went through 65 printings, sold more than 3,000,000 copies, and hit the bestseller list during three distinct periods: right after it was written, when he was a Senator; after he was elected President; and after his assassination. Now, a memorial edition seems likely to keep the book in the No. 1 spot for quite a while, and not least of all because of a brother's-eve- view foreword by Attorney General Robert Kennedy. Excerpts:

"President Kennedy would be 47 in May. At least one-half of the days that he spent on this earth were days of intense physical pain. When we were growing up together, we used to laugh about the great risk a mosquito took in biting Jack Kennedy—with some of his blood the mosquito was almost sure to die.

"I never heard him complain. I never heard him say anything which would indicate that he felt that God had dealt with him unjustly. Those who knew him well would know he was suffering only because his face was a little whiter, the lines around his eyes a little deeper, his words a little sharper.

"When he battled against illness, when he fought in the war, when he ran for the Senate, when he stood up against powerful interests in Massachusetts to fight for the St. Lawrence Seaway, when he fought for a labor reform act in 1959, when he entered the West Virginia primary in 1960, when he debated Lyndon Johnson at the Democratic Convention in Los Angeles, with no preparation, when he took the blame completely on himself for the failure at the Bay of Pigs, when he fought the steel companies, when he stood up at



FREIGHT TRAIN WRECK AFTER EXPLOSION NEAR MIAMI

Also, 45 sticks on the track.

Scranton proved himself a notable exception to that rule.

In a speech to the state legislature, Scranton blasted Pennsylvania labor officials as "demagogues" whose actions are "blatantly political and frankly hypocritical," whose weapons have been "distortion, half-truth, and a complete disregard for the future of Pennsylvania and its people." Indeed, said Scranton, these labor leaders "cruelty both the unemployed and the working men and women of Pennsylvania on a cross of falsehoods."

At the time, Scranton was arguing on behalf of a bill that he proposed to reform the state's unemployment compensation laws. Unemployment among Pennsylvania's 4,584,000 work force stands at 8.2%, well above the national average, and the state compensation fund seems headed toward bankruptcy. Scranton would close loopholes in the

horror, after all, sends few delegates to Republican conventions. As for his political position in his own state—well, he won election in 1962 by nearly 500,000 votes without the help of organized labor's leaders.

Mean & Getting Meaner

In the 13 months since eleven unions struck the Florida East Coast Railway over a wage dispute, there have been some 200 acts of sabotage against the line. All told, 82 freight cars have been derailed, a station and a bridge burned, another bridge blown up, and \$1,250,000 damage done in one of the meanest railroad strikes in recent U.S. history. Last week it got even meaner.

A dynamite blast at a trestle near Miami sent 27 cars of a 91-car freight tumbling down an embankment into a stream. Three hours later, the railroad's only wreck-clearing derrick car in



THE BUCKNER BUILDING

Sixty-two miles from Anchorage, an abandoned Shangri-La.

Berlin in 1961 and then again in 1962 for the freedom of that city, when he forced the withdrawal of the Soviet missiles from Cuba, when he spoke and fought for equal rights for all our citizens, and hundreds of other things both big and small; he was reflecting what is the best in the human being. He was demonstrating conviction, courage, a desire to help others who needed help, and true and genuine love for his country.

"If there is a lesson from his life and from his death, it is that in this world of ours none of us can afford to be lookers-on, the critics standing on the sidelines."

ALASKA

The Elegant White Elephant

In house-hungry, comfort-starved Alaska, Shangri-La is a place called POW. Officially, POW is the 400-acre Port of Whittier, located on an arm of ice-free Prince William Sound and backdropped by the glaciated peaks of the Chugach Mountains, which provide some of the world's wildest, most breathtaking scenery.

POW is only 62 rail miles from Anchorage, but for all the good it does Alaskans, it might as well be in Tibet. Established as an emergency defense port by the U.S. Army in 1943, it cost \$55 million, has now been declared surplus property by the Pentagon; the Army wants to unload it, perhaps for as little as \$800,000.

Indoors Is Unnerving Too. The most impressive of POW's ten major reinforced-concrete buildings is the six-story Buckner, one of the most lavish edifices ever built by the Army Engineers. It has 273,660 sq. ft. of floor space, houses a 350-seat theater, staff offices, closed-circuit TV system and studio, barbershop, beauty shop, radio studio, tailor shop, newspaper office, bank, post office, 17-bed hospital, twelve-man jail, four-lane bowling alley, two 1,000-ft. rifle ranges, an officers' club and bar, 1,000-man mess hall, kitchens and bak-

eries, commissary, library, chapels, fully-equipped hobby shop, lounges, dental clinic, five elevators and assorted storage rooms.

The 14-story Hodge building is the tallest apartment house in Alaska, with 177 apartments of up to three bedrooms, bachelor officer quarters for 49, lounges, 28 laundries, rows of fireplaces, snack rooms, playrooms and hobby rooms. A network of tunnels connects the Hodge and other buildings, including a schoolhouse with a capacity of 200 pupils. Beyond all this is an assortment of service shops, a boat shop, telephone exchange, gymnasium, fire station, warehouses, steel docks—and a \$5,500,000 power plant with enough juice (6,500 kw.) to supply a town of at least 20,000 people. The place was designed to accommodate 1,700 residents. In a real emergency it could put up 32,000. Present population: 32 civilian caretakers.

POW's main disadvantage is the weather. During summers the place is drenched by interminable rains (160 inches annually); in winter the temperature rarely drops below 0° F., but a year's snowfall has been measured at more than 70 ft. Winter winds blow a steady 80 m.p.h., with gusts hitting 135 m.p.h. Servicemen there rarely went outdoors in the winter without good reason. Indoors could be unnerving too, since the region is subject to frequent earth tremors.

More Cell Space? Last week in Juneau, the Alaska legislature was considering whether to take the U.S. Government up on its bargain-basement offer. The trouble is, Alaskans cannot agree on what they would do with POW if they owned it. Some want to make it the new state capital. Others want to turn it into a tourist resort, or perhaps a sort of deep-freeze Las Vegas. There was a move on to acquire it for a penitentiary: the state's jails are now badly overcrowded. But the plan was defeated when people realized that existing prisons would just fill up again



HODGE BUILDING

with lawbreakers who are now free because of the cell shortage.

Under serious consideration is a suggestion by Alaska's Health and Welfare Commissioner Levi Browning, who wants to use POW as an institution for juvenile delinquents and the mentally ill and retarded. But opponents claim that a psychiatric center in such forbidding surroundings would set mental health back 50 years.

Frozen Idyl. Meanwhile, the 32 caretakers there are having a wonderful time. They pay \$160 a month for handsomely furnished three-room apartments, get their utilities free. Once a month they take the train to Anchorage, shop at nearby Fort Richardson and hurry home to their civilized wilderness. There they can watch movies, trade books and hi-fi records, hunt and fish. Power Plant Engineer John Ireland, for example, has three boats and a hideaway cabin, fishes for herring, king salmon (up to 24 lbs.) and halibut (up to 70 lbs.). Says he: "When the king crabs come in, the whole floor of the bay is a brown-purple carpet. We float over them and pick out the crabs we want. We've pulled up crabs 62 inches across, and bring them up two at a time on bare hooks." Adds Ireland's wife Helen, POW's postmistress: "John and my son Dick hunt wolverines and bear and caribou and deer. And in the summer we explore all these beautiful waters by boat. We even go swimming a little at the small boat harbor when it warms up."

The Irelands and their friends haven't a worry in the world—except the fear that the state will buy POW and thereby end their frozen idyl. Says Helen Ireland: "When those mental-health people came down to look over Whittier, they all felt so sorry for us, stuck off here away from the world. We got a good laugh out of them! Hah!"

THE WORLD

RUSSIA

Tomorrow Is Three Suits

[See Cover]

The snail has started his trip, but when will he get to the end of it?

—Russian proverb

In May 1960, Nikita Khrushchev peered across the Great Kremlin Hall and spied the millennium. "In the immediate future," he declared to the Supreme Soviet, "we shall reach the production and consumption level of the United States, the wealthiest country of the capitalist world. Then we shall enter the open sea in which no comparisons with capitalism will anchor us."

Less than four years later, Khrushchev's age of abundance seems as remote as mythology's Isles of the Blest. For all his glowing promises to the consumer, living standards in Russia today are little higher than they were in 1958. Though some food prices have increased sharply since 1962, there has been only a token increase in wages. Housing, consumer goods, and several key sectors of heavy industry have fallen far short of even the reduced levels set for them last year.

Dismal Catalogue. Above all other obstacles on the road to abundance looms agriculture, the perennial problem child of Soviet society. Though Russia regularly exported big farm surpluses in Czarist times, in 46 years of Communism it has never yet managed to grow enough food or raw materials for its needs. In 1963, after four straight years of disappointing harvests, the farm problem came to a head with a disastrous crop failure that forced Russia's leaders

to buy \$935 million worth of wheat from the capitalists they vowed to bury.

Last week 6,000 experts and officials from all over Russia gathered in the Kremlin for a week-long Communist Party Central Committee meeting on farm problems. As speaker after speaker reviewed the results of Khrushchev's pet panaceas, Nikita listened somberly to a dismal catalogue of failures.

In the forbidding Virgin Lands of Central Asia, where Khrushchev set out in 1954 to create a vast new granary, erosion now threatens to turn millions of acres into a dust bowl; most of the new croplands last year failed even to return their seed grain. His hasty campaign to plow under fallow grasslands has impaired huge areas of once-fertile soil since 1958. Khrushchev's evangelical efforts in 1961 to promote mass sowing of corn did more harm than good, as he himself admitted at the meeting.

Grey Eminence. Agriculture Minister Ivan Volovchenko—the sixth official to hold that thankless post since Khrushchev became boss of the party in 1953—last week outlined the costliest, most ambitious program to boost farm output that has ever been undertaken by a Soviet government. After decades of starving treatment at the hands of leaders hell-bent on industrialization, Soviet agriculture is finally to get the machinery, fertilizer and technology that have revolutionized U.S. and Western European farming over the past 50 years. But for city dwellers, Volovchenko's promised bounty came too late. After a winter of scarcities, they learned only two weeks before the meet-

ing that fodder shortages last fall had forced farmers to slaughter 29 million hogs—more than 40% of Russia's entire swine herd—as well as record numbers of cattle and sheep, thus assuring that scarce meat will be scarcer than ever for the next few years.

Together with lagging consumer-goods production, agricultural failures—which have a far greater impact on the economy in Russia than in most Western nations—have clearly collapsed the Communists' hopes of overtaking the U.S. in the foreseeable future. This is a gallant personal defeat for both Khrushchev and his heir apparent, Leonid Il'yich Brezhnev, a Ukrainian who has been his protégé during the long, hard-fought battle to raise Russian living standards. Since 1961, burly, bushy-browed Brezhnev, 57, has been Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet and Russia's titular head of state.

Brezhnev was Nikita's man in Kazakhstan during the first two critical years of the Virgin Lands program; has subsequently acted as the Kremlin's grey eminence in handling major problems in industry, space and defense.

A suave, handsome, cagey administrator, Brezhnev is deeply committed to creation of the economic and social climate in which Russia's rising generation hopes finally to achieve Karl Marx's vision of "abundance in our days." As Nikita Khrushchev proclaimed last month: "If a man has one suit, God help him to have two, and then three!" If most Russians had one suit in Stalin's time, it was under Khrushchev that they got Suit No. 2. The third will come along any decade now.



STATE FARM IN LITHUANIA

In the Virgin Lands, crops failed to return their seed grain.



MOSCOW RUSH HOUR ON GORKY STREET
For Ivan Ivanovich, claustrophobia is a natural state.

Sublime Chaos. By contrast with the cock-a-hoop mood of a few years back, most Russians now seem bitterly resigned to the shortages, discomforts and joyless conformity of life as they now know it. In the cities all winter, housewives have had to wait interminably in line for potatoes, macaroni, flour, coal and coarse, gritty brown bread; in some areas, where bread ran out, they have heeded Marie Antoinette's apocryphal advice and queued for cookies and cake instead. Asked recently how he thought 1964 would turn out, one Muscovite replied dryly: "Worse than 1963, but better than 1965."

But Russia's faltering economy is more than a disappointment to the consumer. The letdown strikes at the heart of Communist theology, which borrows freely from the utopian philosophers in envisioning the age of plenty as the final, inevitable stage of man's progress to perfection.

As a faith, Communism's appeal depends in equal measure on the down-to-earth accomplishments of its past and its rosy, teleological view of the future. From the blend of both elements, in an economy guided largely by the theories of a 19th century visionary who knew next to nothing of economics, might well have come a close approximation of Dostoevsky's view of 19th century Russia, a "sublime, universal, ordered chaos." In fact, the Soviet economy is only moderately chaotic. Its high-priority sectors can be impressively efficient, though not so efficient perhaps as the Russians, with their infinite capacity for self-deception (or salesmanship?), portray them. This, and pride in their real achievements, explains the litany that ranges from housing ("A new five-story building goes up every five minutes") to industrial production

("We have overtaken you in cement") and results in many an official claim that is outrageously exaggerated.

The Metal Eaters. What frustrates so many Soviet ambitions is a simple matter of priorities. Hard-nosed traditionalists have long insisted that Russia follow Stalin's policy of sinking all available capital into defense and heavy industry. Others, notably Khrushchev and President Brezhnev, have argued that Communism's age of affluence will not just drop from the sky, but will necessitate ever greater investment in the consumer economy. Khrushchev refers scornfully to the diehards as the "metal eaters"; they have called him "a rightist peasant deviationist."

The case for the consumer is even stronger today. While military needs helped undergird development of heavy industry in Stalin's era, advanced defense and space technology nowadays siphons off ill-spared capital and technical brains, with little or no return to the economy as a whole. In a discussion of his farm shortages with surplus-burdened U.S. Agriculture Secretary Orville L. Freeman last August, Khrushchev drew his hand across his throat and remarked: "I've got rockets up to here." What the West does not always suspect is that when the Soviet line veers abruptly from cordial coexistence to shoe-pounding enmity, or back, the change may not necessarily reflect Communist diplomatic wiles so much as a new turn in the factional war among the Kremlin bureaucrats.

Matter of Decades. Since late 1958, the metal eaters have succeeded in boosting Soviet defense spending by one-third, to nearly 20% of Russia's G.N.P., v. 9% in the U.S. As always, consumer production was the first to feel the pinch. Though East-West ten-

sions have eased markedly in the past year, the Soviet government has made only token cuts in the military budget. The arms burden is the heaviest of many demands on Soviet resources that have seriously overtaxed the economy at a time when the government's income was shrinking. The annual rate of increase in investment in the economy has dropped 50% since 1959, while Russia's economic rate of growth has dwindled from better than 6% in the '50s to a level recently estimated by the Central Intelligence Agency at less than 2.5% in 1962 and 1963.

While some economists argue that the Red decline is not that serious, other independent studies of Communist statistics confirm the CIA estimates. No one seriously believes that Russia faces economic collapse. But if Soviet society is to provide its 226 million people with living standards comparable to those of the West, that day is still decades away.

Be Patient. While creature comfort currently has a low political priority, the Russian's lot has already improved enormously in the decade since Stalin's death. In 1953, Russians earned less in real wages than they had before the first Five-Year Plan in 1928; since then, the population has increased nearly 50%, but per capita farm production has remained static. By the time Russia's belated economic recovery reached its peak, in 1958-59, the country had not only rebuilt its war-ravaged industry but under Khrushchev's prodding had also increased per-capita consumption 50% and boosted farm output 55%. It was a glib Nikita Khrushchev who had to caution Russians last year: "You must be patient, wait a while and you will have everything. We can't make everything at once."

Russia is no longer the "riddle



BUILDING PROJECT IN VILNA
Gophers in the woodwork.

wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma" that Winston Churchill described 25 years ago. Despite myriad restrictions, nowadays tourists and journalists can travel fairly widely, and Sovietologists, economists and scholars from many other fields study intensively the immense amount of information available in Russian publications. Nikita Khrushchev, of course, is one of the liveliest and most abundant sources of all.

Nevertheless, the notion persists in the West that the Russians are an austere people who spurn material possessions. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The average Soviet citizen today has an almost obsessive hankering for stylish clothes, appliances and simple conveniences that Westerners take almost for granted. "The Russians don't want to be Spartans, and they aren't," wrote TIME Senior Editor Henry Grunwald after a recent swing through the Soviet Union. "They are Athenians who haven't made it."

For Ivan Ivanovich, Russia's man in the street, the cruelest blow of all in the past two years has been the government's sharp curtailment of a construction drive aimed at ending the nation's abysmal housing shortage by 1970. Some experts doubt that this would have been possible even in 25 years. Today, however, outside of a few showcase cities with their bleak barracks rows of new apartment buildings, urban residential construction has clearly lost its momentum. As a result of population increases and the continuing drift of workers from farm to factory jobs, the city dweller actually has less living space today than he had in 1923. By official reckoning, he occupies an average 68 sq. ft.—just two-thirds of the area considered minimal for human requirements by the U.S. Bureau of Prisons.

Twenty Minutes from Town. In most apartment buildings, kitchens and bathrooms have to be shared by all the fami-

lies on each floor. The perennial proximity of relatives and neighbors has made claustrophobia a national disease. On a typical parents' evening recently at a Moscow school, teachers' complaints about the children could nearly all be traced to their housing problems. Cramped quarters are widely blamed for broken families—but divorce offers little solace to many couples, who have no choice but to go on sharing the same room.

Officially, any citizen with less than 14 sq. ft. of living space can demand different quarters; in practice, he uses pull or just puts his name on a waiting list, where it may remain for ten years or more. Most Muscovites pin their hopes on a grey, 17¢ weekly magazine called *Bulletin for the Exchange of Living Space*. The most avidly read sheet in Moscow, it is probably the only Soviet publication that carries not a word of Communist propaganda. On the contrary, the hundreds of appeals for new

quarters ("single room anywhere," "two separate rooms, may be w/o bath") in its tightly packed columns suggest a degree of desperation that speaks volumes about Marxism in action.

The housing problem is still of little moment to the great majority of all Russians who live outside the cities, mostly in crowded one-room isbas, unplumbed wooden dwellings that have barely changed since the peasants were serfs. "The early 19th century," says one old Moscow hand, "is only 20 minutes from Moscow." Along millions of unpaved village streets, women still haul water from communal wells, shoo geese and chickens, scoop up cow dung for their gardens. The "hungry jackdaws," as Tolstoy once called the peasants, venture fearfully into the cities to sell their produce or shop for their needs; huddled protectively in the railway stations between trains, they exude the musty smell of damp wool, onions, bitter tobacco and accumulated sweat that has blanketed Russia far longer and more pervasively than Marxism.

No Browsing. If the peasants' pristine ways have changed little since the Revolution, Russia's cities have been largely created by Communism. With industrialization, the urban population, now 116 million strong, has quadrupled in 30 years. But even second-generation city dwellers seem restless, disconnected from their environment and one another. Amid jostling, unsmiting crowds on the streets, in bookstores where the buyer cannot browse, in restaurants where the customer is as insignificant as a hat rack, life in the capital has a disordered, rough-edged, strangely impersonal quality.

The command economy of Communism has no ears or eyes. The individual can plead, complain, threaten or walk out. But no one really cares.

Russia seems wholly oblivious to esthetics. There is hardly an object in Russia, from the worn, chipped steps of Moscow's newest department store to



MINERAL FERTILIZER PLANT OPERATING
"Worse than 1963 . . ."

the tasseled Victorian lampshades in an Aeroflot jet, that looks as if it had never really been new. Walls and floors often bulge as if there were gophers in the woodwork; many new buildings are girded with safety nets to protect passers-by from cascading bricks and plaster. From its pockmarked paneling, cracking plaster and flaking paint, Moscow's eight-year-old Ukraine Hotel looks almost as if it had been built for Mosfilm's movie of *War and Peace*. While party officials sing the praises of Orgaitz, a kind of Red Masonite widely used for doors, Muscovites snicker: "Builders stick to it—but door handles won't."

"What Underwear!" Communists even show a certain pride in genteel Chekhovian shabbiness. Restaurant tablecloths are almost always slightly soiled, but clean oilcloth is distinctly *nekulturny*. Hotel maids may forget to remove dead cockroaches, but they never fail to dust the chandelier and the grand piano. Only at the baller does the Russian's old love of flashing hues and sumptuous textures seem to come into its own. Even women's underwear at lingerie counters is coarse and drab, prompting a visiting French Communist's classic comment: "What underwear! Yet what a birth rate!"

Because manufacturers and retailers do not have to compete for the consumer's ruble, there is little incentive to produce attractive, well-made goods or to improve design. If a factory retools for a new product, the lost production time may well cost its manager his bonus for overfulfilling the sacrosanct quota. As it is, at the end of every month he is limp from *shtrumovshchina*, the frenetic, last-minute battle to beat the quota.

The non-enterprise system has bred an underground elite: the hard-to-find specialists who can make brand-new shoes wearable, alter off-the-peg suits and dresses so that they have a semi-



HARVESTER ASSEMBLY LINE IN ROSTOV ON THE DON
Shotgun toward the soil.

blance of style, or give a broken appliance the "provisional" treatment, as the Russians call their intuitive knack for makeshift repairs.

Room at the Top. Soviet life is further complicated by inexplicable shortages of simple commodities, from razor blades to pencils and light bulbs; and each shortage seems to create yet another vacuum. Though Russia produces 85 million rubber baby nipples each year, what should suddenly disappear from retail shelves but nipples? It turned out that 1) women were stretching them to seal preserves because there were no jam-jar tops, 2) office workers used them as glue spreaders, and 3) "private manufacturers" pumped them full of air and sold them for large profits as balloons.

Russia is already beginning to feel unmistakable stirrings of consumer resistance. Shoppers are increasingly leary of high-priced, low-quality goods; evidence of this is the fact that each year

since 1959, more than \$1 billion in disposable income has flowed into savings banks. In 1963, the accumulation of unwanted goods on retail shelves amounted to some \$3 billion above normal inventory levels. The Communist press carries reams of complaints about shoddy products and inefficient service, faithfully reporting punishments meted out to the venal or incompetent. When an architect confessed that he had failed to provide elevators for a 13-story apartment building, he was assigned a room on the top floor.

Over-Response. Planners and managers are under stern orders to meet consumers' needs, but only the discipline of a competitive economy could ever make them do anything about it. As Nikita Khrushchev himself said in Kalinin last month, "We would like to lower prices, but we cannot. We would have to build shops of reinforced concrete; otherwise the customers would demolish the walls with their elbows."

Soviet economists over the past year have been engaged in a heated debate over the need to organize the entire labyrinthine price and profit system on a rational, scientific basis. The basic problem, of course, is one of incentives, the issue that has hobbled Soviet agriculture for decades. With 50% more cropland than the U.S. and a labor force that is almost seven times as large, Russia produces only two-thirds as much food as the U.S.

To squeeze more meat and dairy products from the land, Khrushchev has labored long and hard—to hard. For his crusading zeal saddled Soviet agriculture with an additional problem, one that Russian-born Economist Alec Nove calls "over-response." In their rush to plant corn, farm officials plowed under valuable pasture in many areas unsuited to grain crops.

In all his pet projects, Khrushchev, who has probably lavished more time

• 225 per 1,000, v. France's 17.7 per 1,000.



AT FULL BLAST IN STAVROPOL
. . . but better than 1965."

on farm problems in the past decade than any other statesman in the world. A recently published seven-volume collection of Nikita's agricultural sermons represents only a sampling of his *Gospels*, attempted to wring out more food for the lowest possible cost. The Virgin Lands campaign was a shotgun attempt to grow wheat on the cheap by tapping the stored-up fertility under 19 million acres of marginal land, rather than resort to the costly safe alternative of intensifying yields in existing croplands by increased use of fertilizer.

The prospects are little better for 1964. A cruel sheet of ice, reaching from the Ukraine to the shores of the Caspian, threatens serious damage to the winter wheat crop that normally provides nearly half of Russia's needs.

O.K. With Lenin. Undaunted, party officials at last week's farm conference were already gloating over the bumper harvests that would roll in as soon as the tide of fertilizer washed over the land. If this was over-response, it came none too soon: Khrushchev had been crying in vain for fertilizer since 1958. Now, armed with a seven-year, \$47 billion "chemicalization" program that will pour out more than 80 million tons a year of mineral fertilizer as well as other synthetics, Khrushchev said that, with help, Russia by 1971 would have a chemical industry comparable to any that Western countries have taken decades to build. Said he: "It would be stupid to ignore the achievements of foreign science only because they were made in a capitalist country. Vladimir Ilyich Lenin did not consider it a shame to learn from the capitalists."

Skeptical peasants first have to be taught to use fertilizer. In the past, the Soviet variety has been so poor in nutrient that many countrymen agree with the farmer who confided to a friend last week: "Chemistry is all right, but what really counts is dung." Then it has to get to the fields, mostly in areas served by crude dirt roads that turn to quagmires in winter. More than 25%

of Khrushchev's precious fertilizer is usually wasted in transit. Shipped in boxcars, the coarse Russian mixture sometimes cakes so hard that it has to be broken loose with picks. Piled outside the station, it often lies forgotten through the winter, serving small boys as a toboggan slope. When a traveler once congratulated a rural stationmaster on the bumper wheat crop pressing in on the tracks, the embarrassed official explained: "First, there was this shipment of fertilizer that never got picked up. Then there was that shipment of seed grain that didn't get delivered. They just got together."

Everybody Planning. All the fertilizer in the world will not solve the fundamental dilemma of Soviet agriculture: the nature of the peasant. No incentives yet devised have ever persuaded him to devote to impersonal toil a scintilla of the love and labor he lavishes on the minute patch of land he can still call his own. From privately owned plots, amounting to a bare 3% of all cultivated land in Russia, comes half of all the nation's meat, milk, green vegetables. But the bureaucracy adamantly refuses to expand the private plots.

Every enterprise in Russia is watched and judged by the party. Its presence radiates from Moscow to the remotest district in the land, no longer holding its subjects with terror but with the stern and pious stare of orthodoxy.

In today's Russia, with its 200,000 industrial plants producing more than 200 million commodities, a Soviet economist estimates that the planners' task has become 1,600 times more difficult than it was in 1928. Unless it is drastically reformed, warns another Soviet expert, by 1980 the bureaucracy will increase thirty-six fold—and employ every adult Russian.

The Paper Ocean. As it is, Moscow's congeries of commissars is incapable even of absorbing the facts needed to analyze the economy's current performance, let alone planning intelligently for the future. From a study of the



MILK DELIVERY IN MOSCOW
Nipples are good balloons.

Urals Machine-Building Factory. Herbert Levine, a visiting economics professor at Harvard, found that this one plant's list of its requirements in labor, materials and equipment for the annual plan fills 17,000 close-packed pages.

Bureaucrats are hopeful that computers will ultimately enable the planning organization to breast "the paper ocean," as they call it. However, the many-layered system of prices and priorities is not based on costs and profits, but on a host of imprecise criteria such as the "social usefulness" of a commodity. Not even the wiliest commissar—let alone a properly reared computer—can always untangle the subtle skeins that veil the simplest economic decision in Russia. "Stalin," observed Brandeis University's Economist Peter Wiles, "has often been described as Genghis Khan with the telegraph; as creator of the planning system, he figures here as Kafka with an abacus."

The Solid Gold Nail Factory. In 1964, logs from the Urals go to Siberia to be milled; Siberian logs go to mills in the Urals. More than \$3 billion worth of manufacturing equipment ready for use lies around waiting to be installed. Completion of Siberia's vast (3,600,000 kw) Bratsk hydroelectric complex, five years abuilding, had to be postponed last month in order to release urgently needed funds and engineers for other housing projects. Production quotas are nearly always set simply by gross weight, value or units, so that if a nail factory's output is measured by millions of nails, it tends to concentrate on the smallest sizes; if it is computed by weight, it will turn out nothing but big nails; if the quota were in terms of rubles, Russia would have its first Solid Gold Nail Factory.

So desperate are some Russian officials for solutions to their system's chronic inefficiency that they have begun dickering with a British manage-



BREZHNEV (LEFT) & KRUSHCHEV ORATING
"I've got rockets up to here!"

ment consultant firm for capitalist-style advice. The system at times actually penalizes initiative. At Moscow's Cable Factory (slogan: "Know the Value of Nonferrous Metals"), economy-minded employees last year managed to cut the plant's copper consumption by 260 tons. But their triumph was short-lived. The factory, which sends its waste metal to be made into other products, learned to its dismay that the 1963 production plan called for it to supply 590 tons more waste metal than it could possibly deliver without deliberately manufacturing scrap. As it turned out, the factory's reward for a sizable savings in copper was to be fined \$102,000 for nonfulfillment of its waste quota.

Birds & Watches. The frustrations and illusions that pervade the Soviet economy are more familiar to President Brezhnev than almost any other Kremlin leader, for he rose through the bureaucracy and typifies the new technocratic breed that runs the country. A self-styled "fifth-generation steel-worker," he is tough as a T beam and as elusive as a Black Sea eel. As Khrushchev's No. 2 man, he needs to be, for as a Western diplomat points out: "The logical heir must always be the most insecure man in Moscow." In fact, Brezhnev seems tense only when he is away from Moscow on frequent "good will" trips (14 since 1956), hovers fretfully by his private phone to Moscow.

Otherwise, he is usually composed to the point of colorlessness. He collects antique watches and rare songbirds, suffers from high blood pressure, possibly a heart ailment. On doctor's orders, the President seldom drinks or smokes. But unbending at a formal banquet during his state visit to Iran last

November, Brezhnev toasted everything under the sun, then lifted his vodka glass to cry "Down with protocol! Long live freedom!" In 1962, during a state visit to Yugoslavia, where his chic daughter Galina stole the show, Brezhnev embarrassed the government by making a violent attack on the U.S. at a time when Washington was pondering renewal of its aid program to Tito.

To U.S. officials who have conferred with him, though, Brezhnev seems articulate, well informed, open-minded. In conversation with Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Glenn Seaborg last May, Brezhnev agreed that most Soviet buildings are hideous, volunteered that the regime plans to send young architects abroad to study.

Twice Lucky. As he moved up in the Ukraine party hierarchy before World War II, Brezhnev attracted Khrushchev's attention. Like his mentor, he joined the close-knit wartime coterie of political officers on the crumbling southern front. Rising swiftly after the war, Brezhnev was elected in 1952 to the party's Central Committee and Secretariat, became a candidate member of its executive arm, the Presidium. In 1954, he got his big job in Kazakhstan. Blessed by adequate rainfall and an eager labor force, he brought in the first two successful Virgin Lands harvests, returned to Moscow in triumph to resume his old Central Committee and Presidium jobs.

In May 1960, Brezhnev was kicked upstairs from the Secretariat to the largely ceremonial chairmanship of the Presidium of the party, which he adroitly used to keep his picture in Pravda. But at the June 1963 party plenum, Brezhnev was restored to the Secretari-

at, and thus became the only other full member of the Presidium (after Khrushchev) to hold state and party posts.

Brezhnev, or any other Soviet leader who may come to power in the next few years, will be dealing with a situation no Soviet leader has ever faced: Russia's East European satellites, also adjusting to an economic slowdown, are increasingly asserting their own national identities and seeking warmer relations with the West. Soviet Russia, after all the years of proud self-sufficiency, now faces the humiliation of having to buy its food from the capitalist rival. Moscow's hopeful plan is to spend up to \$10 billion for Western chemical plants in the next few years.

Hint of Reason. In any case, the Kremlin for years to come will be faced with mounting economic pressures that will at least discourage metabolizing military budgets. A minor \$666 million cutback in Soviet defense spending announced last month was, Khrushchev insisted, the result not of economic difficulties but of "considerations of common sense guided by a sincere desire for peace." Moreover, during Russia's Western-aided capitalization, it's a far more rational exercise than pouring rubles into an ever-increasing steel capacity that Moscow needs mostly for prestige, the note of reasonableness may just possibly persist.

It has to, if Russia is to complete its long leap into modernity. Though almost certainly faced with lower growth rates than it was able to maintain during the flank-speed recovery period of the '50s, its rulers can still keep the Soviet economy humming if they will vigorously seek a more comfortable and colorful life for its people. It, as seems likely, a consumer economy is to be its destination rather than—or even en route to—a Marxist El Dorado, Russia will first have to overhaul and expand its archaic marketing and distribution systems. Almost certainly it will be forced to jettison much of its ramshackle planning structure.

Kafka to Pasternok. A dynamic, contemporary society above all demands a degree of decentralization. Indeed, Russia no longer has the idle hands and lands to afford the manic wastage, inspired inefficiency and brontosauric unresponsiveness of an economy nannied from Moscow. Its real gains in the future will have to come through increased individual efficiency, even if efficiency in turn demands a degree of freedom that Russians have not yet attained.

Clearly, though, Russia is no longer the passive pastoral society that quivered before Stalin. The Kremlin will increasingly feel the pressures of an urban culture that is no longer resigned to an indefinitely receding Utopia. Communism's Kafka-and-abacus stage is already being overtaken by its Pasternak-and-his-li era. Affluent Communists might not be any easier to live with. But they would certainly have more to live for.

NIGHT LIFE IN THE RUSSIAN PROVINCES



CYPRUS

Irrationality in Flower

The problem of Cyprus, where Greek and Turkish communities have been indulging in mutual slaughter, this week headed for the Security Council of the United Nations. The island's President, Archbishop Makarios, should certainly be a happy man, for that was where he has wanted the problem all along.

Bearded Ecclesiastic. Nearly everyone else concerned with Cyprus disagreed. U.S. Under Secretary of State George Ball made cautionary stops last week at London, Athens and Ankara. Then, armed with the backing of all three governments as well as his own, he flew on to Cyprus to urge the accepti-

The trouble started at the nearby village of Episkopi, one of the few still sheltering a mixed population of Greek and Turkish Cypriots. According to Greek sources, a Turkish police sergeant in charge of a four-man detail relieved his two Greek cops of duty and then phoned headquarters in Limassol to say he was no longer taking orders from the Greek Cypriot chief of police.

Electoral Paroxysm. The Greek response was to start shooting at the police station. Fighting swiftly spread to Limassol itself (pop. 31,000 Greeks, 6,000 Turks), and some 50 persons were killed or wounded in a series of fire fights for such strongpoints as a local brewery and the 12th century castle

with the "dangerous situation" posed by the fratricidal fighting. The British move was strictly procedural, and its aim was to get before the forum of the world the Anglo-American conviction that first things should come first, even in Cyprus. Britain will propose to the Security Council what Ball had been proposing in Nicosia: the establishment of a 10,000-man peacekeeping force.

But shifting the crisis to the U.N. would give leverage to the Soviet Union, which can spoil any project the West pursues. At its own option, Russia can veto the Anglo-American proposal, thereby inviting a Turkish invasion of the island as the only means of rescuing Turkish Cypriots, or it can agree to the establishment of the force if it includes Communist troops, thus moving toward the historic Russian ambition of gaining a foothold in the Mediterranean.

ESPIONAGE

The Defector

Twice weekly in Geneva's Palais des Nations, a stocky, dark-haired Russian named Yuri Ivanovich Nosenko took his seat among the other secretaries, clerks, aides and technicians in the Soviet delegation at the 17-nation disarmament conference. But though Nosenko was billeted with other low-ranking Soviet staffers in Geneva's Hotel Rex, it was obvious that he enjoyed special status. He roomed alone, spoke fluent English, had a different work schedule from that of his colleagues, often came home alone late at night after all the others were in. The reason was that, unknown to his fellow delegates, Nosenko's specialty was espionage. He was a ranking officer in the K.G.B., the Soviet agency that combines the functions of the C.I.A. and F.B.I.

Fortnight ago, the day before he was scheduled to return to Moscow, Nosenko told colleagues he was going off for lunch at a downtown restaurant. When he failed to return next morning, frantic Soviet officials ordered all the remaining Russians at the hotel into a delegation compound and stripped Nosenko's room of all his personal effects. They seemed particularly agitated when they could not find his valise. At last, the Russians called in the Swiss police. In vain, the cops checked Switzerland's hospitals, morgues, hotels, railroad stations, airports and border outposts. Nosenko had totally vanished.

Last week the U.S. State Department tersely reported that Nosenko had defected to the West and was "somewhere in the U.S." In fact, he was in Washington, where officials permitted Soviet and Swiss diplomats to interview him. Refuting Moscow's allegations of "improper" U.S. behavior, Nosenko declared that he had voluntarily decided not to return to Russia.

U.S. officials plainly regarded Nosenko, 36, as the biggest spy catch since Colonel Oleg Penkovsky, the Soviet mil-



ENVY BALL & PRESIDENT MAKARIOS
After sage agreement, beatific rebuff.

gence of a proposal which would provide the island nation with a 10,000-man peacemaking force, drawn from troops of the West, to keep Cypriots from cutting each other's throats.

At the honey-colored presidential palace atop a hill overlooking the capital city of Nicosia, Ball argued for three days with Makarios, a bearded ecclesiastic who might have stepped into the present day from an 11th century Byzantine mosaic. Ball quoted chapter and verse to Makarios, showing that the U.N. in previous actions has usually favored the maintenance of the *status quo* and has repeatedly approved partition as a solution to communal disputes—a solution abhorrent to Makarios and the Greek Cypriots. Throughout the negotiations, Makarios would nod sagely as if agreeing with every point Ball raised. Then he would beatifically repeat that the Cyprus problem should go to the U.N.

Ball's arguments should have been strongly reinforced by events inside and outside of Cyprus. At Limassol, the island's second largest city, Cypriot irrationality achieved its newest flowering,

where England's Richard the Lion-Hearted married Berengaria of Navarre. British troops from the adjacent Akrotiri airfield finally separated the antagonists and won agreement to a ceasefire. But then the Greek Cypriots, supported by two homemade tanks, launched a dawn assault on the Turkish quarter.

The sky was darkening outside Cyprus as well. Turkey, furious at the slaughter of its outnumbered (4 to 1) compatriots, rushed an army division to the seaport of Iskenderum, only 125 miles from Cyprus, assembled naval units for what was described as "maneuvers." Greece, which could ordinarily be expected to counter any Turkish move, was preoccupied with a national election.

Russian Option. Special Envoy Ball, finally and flatly rebuffed by Makarios, grimly left the island, stopping off in Turkey and Greece to urge calm and caution on both governments. Aware that Cyprus was going to the U.N., Britain and the U.S. activated their last-ditch plan. London, about an hour ahead of Cyprus, requested an "early meeting" of the Security Council to deal

OVER,
UNDER,
AROUND
AND THROUGH...

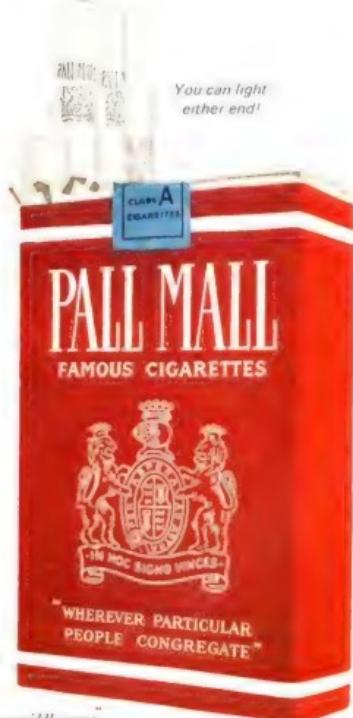
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'64 WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC

itary scientist who funneled military secrets to the West before being arrested and executed by the Russians last year. Nosenko apparently had brought with him invaluable operational and organizational details about the Soviet intelligence network, and officials hinted that his defection had already caused a shake-up within the Russian espionage system.

FRANCE

Round 1 to Peking

When Charles de Gaulle recognized Red China last month, France insisted that no conditions to break off diplomatic relations with Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Chinese government were attached to the agreement. De Gaulle was obviously convinced that the move would be such a slap in the face to Chiang that he would initiate a diplomatic break himself. On the advice of the U.S., however, Chiang let De Gaulle stew. To France's embarrassment, Peking then almost immediately began to pressure Paris to withdraw recognition of Formosa.

Last week, in an effort to extricate himself from his embarrassing predicament, De Gaulle was forced to twist Chiang's arm. In Taipei, France's chargé d'affaires, Pierre Salade, called, at his own request, on the Nationalist Foreign Minister and told him that when the Red Chinese arrived in Paris, the Formosan diplomatic mission would "have lost its *raison d'être*." Asked if this meant that recognition would then be withdrawn, Salade said yes. Within hours, the Nationalist Cabinet met in emergency session and broke off relations with France—thus allowing De Gaulle, in the strictest sense of the word, to honor his pledge not to break with Chiang. But the diplomatic niceties did not conceal the fact that in Round 1 with Peking De Gaulle had come a cropper.

GREAT BRITAIN

Goodbye to All That

In the House of Commons one afternoon last week, question time had just ended. Members began sauntering away from the crowded government front bench below the gangway. Among the last to leave were two former Prime Ministers of Britain. Venerable, 89-year-old Winston Churchill rose slowly, made a few tottering steps. Instantly, the other ex-Prime Minister, grey-haired Harold Macmillan, was at his side, putting a steady hand beneath Churchill's arm. Macmillan, now 70 and barely recovered from a serious prostate operation last fall, no longer carries himself with the ramrod posture of a Guardsman. Together, the elder statesmen walked slowly beneath Churchill Arch and into the members' lobby: two great national figures moving into the sunset glow of history.



SELF-EXILE MACMILLAN & WIFE
When the curtain falls.

Comedy's End. Churchill has already announced that he will officially retire from politics when this Parliament is dissolved. Last week, at his Sussex home of Birch Grove, Harold Macmillan came to the same decision. "One doesn't want to hang around," he explained to newsmen and photographers. "I don't think it's very dignified. When the curtain falls, the best thing an actor can do is to go away." As the press conference broke up, Macmillan turned to his wife, Lady Dorothy, said, "*La commedia è finita*." He had boldly played the game of politics for 40 years—23 on the front bench, 17 in office, and seven as Prime Minister (the longest continuous rule since Asquith resigned in 1916).

Macmillan's departure coincides with a low point in the fortunes of his Conservative Party. Yet most of the goals Macmillan set himself on entering 10 Downing Street were resoundingly achieved. Since succeeding luckless Anthony Eden after the 1956 disaster of Suez, Macmillan has aimed at 1) re-cementing the Anglo-American alliance, 2) easing the cold war, 3) freeing the African continent, and 4) obtaining Britain's entry into the European Common Market.

The first objective was the easiest, but the others were skillfully sought. Macmillan's personal initiative in going to Moscow set moving the machinery that eventually resulted in the test ban

treaty. His "winds of change" attitude toward emerging African nationalism helped bring about the troubled birth of independence in Africa. Even the failure at Brussels, due solely to Charles de Gaulle's intransigent opposition to Britain's Common Market membership, may well be redeemed in the long run.

Oilless Flame. As politician, Macmillan made many enemies, for he was ruthless, Machiavellian and completely cold blooded in pursuit of his policies. But as a great parliamentarian, an unswerving patriot, and a man of courage, vision and humor, he will be long remembered. For the future, Macmillan intends to devote some of his time to his family's publishing house and hopes to commit at least "a few thoughts" to paper. He can also feel confident that his years in the political vineyards will be royally rewarded, either with an earldom or by being dubbed a Knight of the Garter, or both.

In departing the political scene, Macmillan remains true to his deep sense of history, and also to the promise he made two years ago at a party conference when, quoting Shakespeare, he said, "I do not intend to live after my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff of younger spirits."

WEST GERMANY

Cheating Justice

In his drive to preserve the Aryan race, Adolf Hitler did not stop with the extermination of the Jews. In 1940, Hitler appointed Dr. Werner Heyde, a pale, bespectacled SS major and former Würzburg University Medicine lecturer, supervisor of "Operation Mercy Killing." Until courageous protests from German church leaders forced the Nazis to curtail the program in 1944, Heyde and a staff of "selectors" in his enthusiastic task force killed more than 100,000 mental defectives, including many who were only senile or epileptic.

After the war, Heyde was interned by the Allies but escaped to the north German state of Schleswig-Holstein, where, as "Dr. Fritz Sawade," he established a flourishing practice. Though many ranking Schleswig-Holstein officials were aware of Sawade's real identity, he was never taken into custody; over the years the doctor collected some \$75,000 in fees as an expert medical witness before the state's courts. At last, in 1959 Sawade was unmasked as Heyde and thrown into jail.

For four years, the state assembled 84,000 pages of incriminating documents and laboriously prepared a 900-page indictment against Heyde and a group of his former associates, including Friedrich Tillmann, 60, sometime director of a Cologne orphanage. Last week, seven days before they were scheduled to go on trial, Tillmann plunged to his death from a nine-story window in Cologne. Next day, Heyde, 61, looped a belt over a radiator in his jail cell and hanged himself.

THE NETHERLANDS

Love with the Proper Stranger

Beaming with pleasure, The Netherlands' Princess Irene drove out to Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport one day last week to meet her future in-laws. The visitors—Prince Xavier and Princess Magdalena—were coming to celebrate Irene's engagement to their son, Spain's Prince Carlos de Borbón y Parma, and with them was the royal engagement ring, a large ruby surrounded by diamonds. Quickly, Irene slipped it on and happily showed it off for the television cameras. Next day in The Hague, she and Carlos were toasted with champagne by the Dutch Cabinet, and busied themselves with wedding plans. Best guess is that the marriage will take place in Utrecht in May.

On his formal introduction to the Dutch people in a nationwide television interview, Carlos said that he was "happy to be in Holland because I love Irene." How happy the Dutch were remained uncertain; many were still not reconciled to the idea of affiliation of the House of Orange with Spain, the country The Netherlands traditionally detests.

Secrets of the Confessional. But even Dutchmen who grudgingly agreed that Irene had fallen in love with a proper stranger were still disgruntled over the manner in which the affair had been handled by The Netherlands' government. The nation especially resented seeing popular Queen Juliana humiliated when she first announced that the engagement was off and then had to eat her words. In the lower chamber of Parliament, beleaguered Cabinet ministers eventually found a convenient scapegoat in the government information service, and promised in the future to improve communications between palace and public.

Dutch Protestants were not so easily put off. Irene's conversion to Roman Catholicism seven months ago—and especially the secrecy surrounding it—irritated many Protestant churchmen and made them feel that she had betrayed the religion of her birth. In a letter to the Archbishop of Utrecht, Bernard Jan Cardinal Alfrink, the Dutch Reformed Church said that it "was most shocked by the fact that her conversion was not immediately made public by you." The church asked the cardinal "for clarification of the matter in the interests of ecumenical understanding." Alfrink refused, saying that Irene's relations with the Catholic Church fell in the realm of "secrets of the confessional."

Power Tool. In Spain, meanwhile, Prince Carlos' engagement set off renewed maneuvering over his tenuous claim to the Spanish throne. Spain's Dictator Francisco Franco, who wants a monarchy to succeed him but who is none too happy at the prospect of installing the present Spanish Pretender, Don Juan, went out of his way to welcome Carlos back to Madrid. The threat



PRINCESS IRENE & PRINCE

A large ruby surrounded by diamonds.

of competition from the Carlists would give Franco a useful lever to make disdainful Don Juan more receptive to his wishes. In Holland, all this maneuvering only served to increase the fear that Princess Irene and the whole House of Orange might one day become a tool in a Spanish struggle for power.

IRAQ

All Quiet in the Zagros Mountains

It is becoming a habit in Iraq that as soon as a new revolutionary regime has knocked off its predecessor, it then makes peace overtures to the rebellious Kurdish tribesmen holed up in the Zagros Mountains. Latest to do so is President Abdul Salam Aref, who seized power last November. With a flourish of drums and trumpets, Radio Baghdad last week proclaimed an end to the three years of off-and-on, on-again war with Kurdish Leader Mustafa Barzani and his 35,000 *peshmergas*, guerrilla fighters.

Peace had been hammered out in an eleven-day conference at Barzani's mountain headquarters at Rania. Statehood by Barzani and Aref sealed the pact. To safeguard national unity, stop bloodshed and end a fratricidal fight, said Barzani, "we have decided to take the initiative in ordering a cease-fire." Declared Aref: "In the name of Allah the all-merciful, we have decreed the following in our desire to restore normal life and end the bloodletting." There followed a nine-point communiqué covering everything from "recognition of the national rights of our Kurdish brethren" to general amnesty and the release of prisoners.

Whether the Iraqi peace would last, or the Kurdish rebellion soon be resumed, seems to depend on how the various terms of the agreement are inter-

preted by each side. Aref's acceptance of the "national rights" of the Kurds may or may not turn out to be the equivalent of the "Kurdish autonomy" for which Barzani and his *peshmergas* have fought so long and so tenaciously.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Bombs in the Ballpark

It was the third inning, and the 2nd Air Division Cobras held a 6-1 lead over the Advisory Group Support Branch in their night game at Pershing Field, the U.S. military's softball diamond outside Saigon. In the stands, 150 partisan American fans—soldiers, sailors, embassy civilians, wives and children—hoped and cheered. Suddenly, two explosions under the stands sent shrapnel slicing through the planking, shearing the leg off a G.I., hurling jagged splinters like missiles into the crowd. Amid the wreckage, two soldiers lay dying. 23 other Americans dashed and injured.

Set off by two stolen, U.S.-made fragmentation bombs buried in the soil, the sabotage was the gravest anti-American terrorist episode in South Viet Nam's war against the Communist Viet Cong—and an unsettling commentary on the Saigon military regime's security apparatus, since the U.S. stadium is next door to Vietnamese Joint General Staff headquarters. (The government belatedly arrested three Vietnamese living near by as suspects.) The incident was also the latest in a fresh wave of terrorism directed at Americans. Two Saigon bars popular with G.I.s have recently been bombed, killing one U.S. serviceman and six Vietnamese, and last week a terrorist on a motor scooter hurled a grenade that damaged the home of a U.S. Air Force captain.

But to their Vietnamese brother foes, the Viet Cong offered a respite, pro-

claiming a five-day cease-fire during Tet, Viet Nam's festive New Year's holiday. Going along with the Reds, the government called a virtual halt to its own military operations. Troops poured into Saigon exploding firecrackers and firing rifles into the air (to ward off evil spirits), and the war ground to a strange near-standstill.

The country's new strongman, goat-faced General Nguyen Khanh, took the occasion to make a second grass-roots tour, this one to mountainous central Viet Nam. At a village of montagnard tribesmen, Khanh let his feet be ceremonially washed in rice wine and buffalo blood. At a bleak infantry fort guarding the Laotian frontier, Khanh trotted out three sparsely clad Saigon cabaret cuties to put on a show, then announced an even greater morale booster—a 20% pay raise for privates and corporals.

Frustrated but Firm

How goes the morale of U.S. troops in South Viet Nam? Healthy enough, by all accounts.

As "advisers" to the government against the Viet Cong, the 16,000 American servicemen may give no orders, and gripes sessions in the U.S. barracks pour forth stories of daily duodenals. There was, for example, the time not long ago when three government battalions totaling 1,400 men encountered a single Viet Cong sniper, who fired three shots, then fell silent. But the government commander refused to dispatch a patrol after the sniper, explaining: "If we send men out there he might start shooting again." The three battalions painstakingly skirted their way past, at the cost of an hour's delay.

Another time a government advance party burst into a Viet Cong encampment so hot on the enemy's heels that there was steaming food on the table. But the Reds had fled. Asked by his hand-wringing American adviser where the troops were that were supposed to have surrounded the camp, the Vietnamese officer in charge confessed that they had stopped in the last paddyfield to cook their own breakfast. Last week, in a Jeep bouncing along the dirt road outside Taman in the Mekong Delta, a young U.S. Army captain cheerfully explained to TIME Correspondent Frank McCulloch how a new "clear and hold" operation was to sweep his area clean of Communists. In mid-sentence he stopped, ordered his driver to turn around. Just ahead, atop a tree, rippled the yellow-starred flag of the Viet Cong, a unit of which had evidently managed to slip back into the neighborhood after being swept out.

Veterans say that most Americans in the field go through almost the same emotional pattern. First comes two months of gung-ho spirit, then four months during which their sense of humor keeps them going, followed by five months of growing exasperation and often outright disgust, and one month of relief because the one-year tour of duty

is coming to an end. But for all that, the average U.S. soldier while on duty in Viet Nam retains the basic condition of good morale—the continued desire to fight. There is little illusion about the enormity of the task, the snail's pace of progress, but there is also the unflagging conviction that the war must be won.

For all their disappointments, most Americans sincerely praise the average South Vietnamese soldier as a gutsy little guy capable of surprising courage if given the training and the leadership. They cling to the hope that such leadership will be forthcoming, despite two government overthrows in Saigon in three months. "What you've got to learn in Viet Nam," says a U.S. Army major in the Delta, "is that the name of the game is frustration, and you simply have to live with it." Another Yank keeps a card in his wallet to pull out in moments of despair. It reads: "Patience."

AUSTRALIA

"Collision Stations!"

On a calm and darkling sea last week the 20,000-ton aircraft carrier *Melbourne*, flagship of the Australian navy, was engaged in night maneuvers off Jervis Bay, 80 miles south of Sydney. Half a mile astern cruised the destroyer *Voyager*, acting as rescue ship should any of the *Melbourne*'s planes go into the sea on takeoff or landing. Both ships were blacked out except for running lights and red masthead lights.

At 9 p.m. the big carrier reversed course, and it became the *Voyager*'s duty to maneuver until she was once more astern of the *Melbourne*. The destroyer's captain, Duncan Stevens, 42, somehow placed his ship right across the *Melbourne*'s bows. Taken by surprise, Stevens had only time to cry "Collision stations!" before the carrier, traveling at top speed of 22 knots, smashed into the destroyer's bridge, cutting the *Voyager* in two and trapping most of her crew below deck.

One *Voyager* officer was walking along a corridor when the *Melbourne*'s bow knifed through a few yards behind him, and he was swept out through the hole left by the collision. Another officer was drinking coffee in the wardroom when he was suddenly engulfed by water. "I swam to the surface," he recalled, "and found I was still in the wardroom. I got out through a slit in the side and found myself in the ocean, with its surface covered by a six-inch layer of fuel oil." Ten men trapped in the forward section finally forced open a jammed escape hatch and, as they scrambled free, heard men behind them screaming to get out and thrashing in the water-filled hold.

Of the *Voyager*'s 321-man crew, three—including Captain Stevens—were pulled dead from the water, and another 79 were missing and presumed dead. It was the worst peacetime disaster in the 54-year history of the Australian navy.



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THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Ready for Anything

Whatever Fidel Castro may have had in mind with his water war against Guantánamo, the U.S. last week moved to make the Navy base "a little more ready" for any eventuality.

To Westinghouse Electric Corp. went a \$4,000,000 contract for a salt-water conversion plant capable of producing 1,000,000 gal. of fresh water per day; a new catchment basin to collect rain water will also be built, along with an underground reservoir holding 4,000,000 gal. in reserve. By August "Gitmo" will be self-sufficient, no longer concerned about the Cuban waterworks that Castro shut off in reprisal for the seizure of four Cuban fishing boats violating Florida waters.

Even if Castro turns the water on again, the Navy will not use a drop. Nor will it continue to employ most of the 2,500 Cuban workers who commute daily to the base. Last week the first 500 Cubans were dismissed. Furthermore, no more U.S. dependents will be allowed at Guantánamo, once considered about the sunniest assignment a Navy man and his family could draw.



CAPTURED CASTRO ARMS IN VENEZUELA
Suspicious confirmed.

The 3,000 women and children already there will be withdrawn by normal rotation. By early 1966, Gitmo will be in a class with such bleak outstations as Thule and Antarctica—a "hardship post," with tours of duty reduced from two years to one.

Another Panama? The orders might seem overly severe. But Washington still believes Castro may be working himself up to a major, Panama-style confrontation over Guantánamo. Immediately after the Jan. 9 Canal Zone

riots, Castro's radio started appealing to Cuban workers on the base to return to the "motherland." A few weeks ago, Havana's propagandists railed that "drunken U.S. Marines indiscriminately fired their machine guns at Cuban workers." Castro militiamen have resumed their rock-throwing at U.S. sentries, recently fired a burst of machine-guns fire over the heads of a Marine squad inside the fence.

Some Castrologists argue that if Cuba is actually setting the stage for a direct challenge to Guantánamo, the U.S. is over-reacting by putting the base on ready status. Though Castro denies the legality of the 1903 agreement, by which Cuba leased Guantánamo to the U.S. for an indefinite period, and has not cashed any of the checks (nominal \$3,386 per year) that the U.S. pays as rent, he has never interfered with workers on the base—thus, in effect, agreeing that the U.S. has a right to be there. By firing the workers, goes the argument, the U.S. itself tends to abrogate the agreement.

"We Will Remain." The State Department, however, considers all such arguments extraneous. A 1934 treaty clearly states that there can be no change in the status of Guantánamo without the specific consent of both sides. And on Guantánamo the U.S. has no intention of sitting down to negotiate with Castro. Said Secretary of State Dean Rusk: "We are in Guantánamo and will remain there for the foreseeable future. We shall certainly not discuss the future of Guantánamo with a regime that does not speak for the Cuban people and that has been unanimously condemned by the governments of this hemisphere."

A five-nation investigating team from the Organization of American States wound up a month-long study of aggression charges brought by the government of Venezuela against Cuba. The Venezuelans made the accusation after uncovering a three-ton cache of smuggled arms with Cuban markings, produced other evidence that Castro's Communist regime was beaming in subversive radio propaganda, training guerrillas and financing terrorist operations. On all four counts, the OAS team found the evidence overwhelming. The Venezuelans will now press for collective OAS sanctions against Cuba under the Rio Treaty.

MEXICO

New Hand Across the Border

When President Johnson meets Mexico's President Adolfo López Mateos in Palm Springs this week, he will have a chance to introduce the new U.S. ambassador who is about to move to Mexico City. He is Fulton Freeman, 48, currently U.S. envoy to Colombia and rated one of the most energetic



U.S. AMBASSADOR FREEMAN & WIFE

Eyebrows raised.

and effective U.S. diplomats on the job in Latin America.

Taking over in Bogotá in 1961 on his first ambassadorial assignment, Freeman traveled 25,000 miles around the country talking to people who had never seen an American before. Such free-wheeling diplomacy raised eyebrows, but Freeman won general respect for his sincere—and at times crisp—approach to U.S.-Colombian relations. In 1962, when some government officials accused U.S. corporations of taking more out of the country than they put in, Freeman quietly made his own survey and disclosed the real facts—which showed that U.S. companies reinvested most of their profits. This squelched the critics.

In Mexico City, Freeman has a tough act to follow. Under able former Ambassador Thomas C. Mann, who recently moved up to Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs (TIME cover, Jan. 31), Mexican-U.S. relations reached a rare high point. The nagging, century-old Chamizal border dispute on the Rio Grande at El Paso, Texas, was amicably settled last year, and the Kennedy visit in 1962 brought *vivas* and warm *abrazos* all around. But the U.S. would still like to see a firmer stand by Mexico against Castro's Cuba.

ARGENTINA

Less Cholesterol?

It was a little like asking a two-pack-a-day man to give up smoking. In Argentina, beef belt of the hemisphere, the country's 30 biggest packinghouses urged President Arturo Illia to institute meat rationing. Otherwise, they warned, exports will drop, many meat packers will close, and 60,000 workers will be out of work. Ironically, the trouble is that 1963 was a banner year for Argentine beef exports: slaughterhouses worked overtime, and farmers thinned out their herds. Now they are trying to build up their cattle stocks again, and in a land where 21 million people eat an average five pounds of meat per

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Why pay a luxury price for a "Plain Jane" car?



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Rambler - No. 1 in usefulness to the user

Here are solid values, like Advanced Unit Construction, with luxury matching anything on the road. You get it in a high-performance Ambassador V-8 at a popular price.



Rambler '64

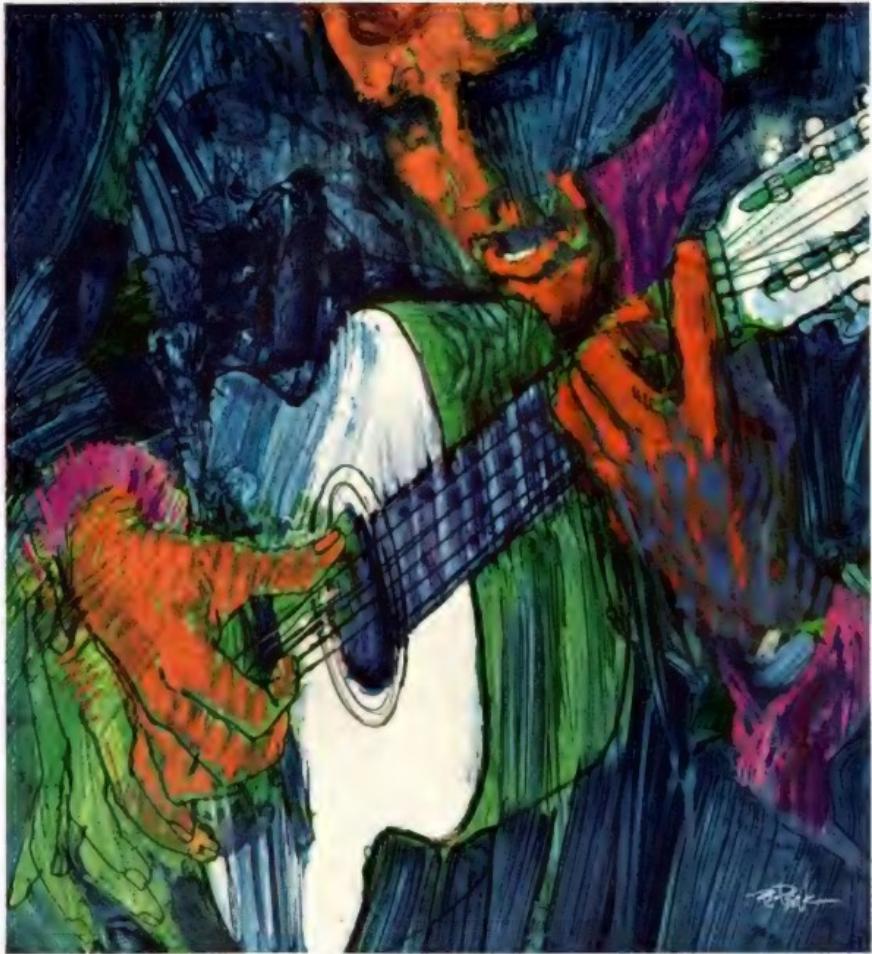
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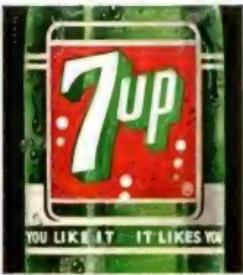
1964 Rambler Ambassador 990-H hardtop. Reclining bucket seats, console, center armrests and 270-hp V-8 are standard.

New Shift-Command automatic floor shift. Adjust-O-Tilt steering-wheel are optional. Insist on more in '64... go Rambler!



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week, there are now not enough steaks left over for shipping abroad. The packers' recommendation: cut domestic consumption 30% by limiting meaty meals to five days a week.

COLOMBIA

The Air Force as Welfare Worker

The jungle airstrip was hardly big enough, but a Colombian air force DC-4 touched down to unload a most unmilitary cargo: beds, trunks, dogs, chickens and 64 stony-faced peasants who had been strapped in the bucket seats. The peasants were homesteaders arriving at the outpost town of Florencia to start a new life in Colombia's rich but remote southwest. By sunset, the air force plane was back in Bogotá, 240 miles away, with a load of hardwood.

Lugging peasants and lumber hardly fits the usual picture of a Latin American military outfit. But with a lot of land to be settled—more than half of Colombia's territory is virtually uninhabited—and no foreign wars to fight, the Colombian government decided to put the air force to work by setting up Satena (for "Service to the National Territories"). The Colombian air force contributed the planes and the pilots, but Satena's other expenses had to be met from revenues. Charging one-fourth the fares of commercial lines, it still manages to stay in the black. Now Satena has eleven cargo planes making 35 trips a week over jungles and mountains to 52 communities—wherever it is needed and where no commercial airlines fly.

To most communities along Satena's route, the air force planes are the only regular link with the outside world. From Bogotá, Satena takes off daily with fabrics, fertilizers, medicines and home appliances; commissaries are be-

ing set up to sell these goods at bargain prices. On return trips, the planes bring out fish, hides, rubber and dairy products. Farmers in the Caquetá region last year shipped 1,000,000 sacks of rice to market via Satena; at the village of El Refugio, fishermen who used to have no way to market their catch now fly out four tons weekly. This month Satena will put a converted PBY seaplane into service as an "air hospital" for river communities.

Military "civic action" is spreading. Colombian air force engineers are hacking out jungle highways; army troops are detailed to remote villages to build schools and clinics, dig wells and paint houses. Other armies—in Peru, Ecuador, Brazil, Venezuela—have also established public-works beachheads in the boondocks. "The role of the military," says Lieut. Colonel Alvaro Baquero, Satena's general manager, "is not only to defend the nation, but also to help it."

BRAZIL

The Mess at Petrobrás

Whenever the subject of oil comes up, Brazil's politicians unflinchingly quote two slogans. "The oil is ours," is one cry, and the second goes, "Petrobrás is untouchable." Petrobrás is Brazil's state-run oil company, and the country's biggest single business. It provides jobs for 30,000 people, produces 30% of Brazil's crude-oil needs, grosses almost \$350 million a year. But Petrobrás is also one of Brazil's sickest companies—hard hit by graft and inefficiency, and honeycombed with far-leftists. Last week, after a jolt of scandals, Petrobrás was anything but untouchable.

In the space of a few days, the president and three directors of Petrobrás had been fired. Congressional and presidential committees were digging into company affairs. Wrote Rio's *Jornal do Brasil*: "The situation is a national shame and a menace to the security of the country."

Labor in Management. In the ten years since Petrobrás started out to make Brazil largely self-sufficient in oil, the company's production of crude oil has grown from 990,000 bbl. to 36.5 million bbl. annually, and its refining output has risen from 907,000 bbl. to 90 million bbl. Yet Brazil still depends on private oilmen, both domestic and foreign, for 65% of its crude oil needs.

Almost everyone agrees that Petrobrás' operations are hampered by ill-trained and featherbedding workers. Last year Petrobrás held up construction on an ammonia plant in Bahia, yet kept on most of the 400 workers hired for the plant, transferring them to other jobs. Companies doing business with Petrobrás also complain that its personnel solicit bribes and kickbacks. On several deals, according to insiders, Petrobrás has imported crude oil at prices well above the market and exported refined products at a loss. Moreover, Communist-leaning agitators dominate Petrobrás' powerful refining and pro-

duction unions—which, in turn, suggest their candidates for two of Petrobrás' three directorships.

"Agent of the Yankees." The present scandal erupted when Petrobrás President Almino Silva, 54, a peppery army general appointed last year, started a one-man campaign against corruption and Communist influence within the company. He stopped all hiring (8,000 new employees were added during the two preceding years), looked into shady dealings of Petrobrás executives, twice blocked strikes approved by a Petro-



GENERAL ALMINO SILVA
Touching the untouchable.

bras director, and cracked down sharply on lavish publicity spending. Silva took his evidence to Brazil's President Joao Goulart. When word leaked out, a newspaper article appeared with statements accusing the general himself of engineering a "major underhanded deal" involving the purchase of \$200 million worth of oil from "a large petroleum company"—later identified as U.S.-owned Esso Brasileira. Silva, said a union-nominated director, was a "double agent" of the Yankee oilmen.

Brazil's Congress took up the case. A congressional committee sat for 40 hours, listened to 15 witnesses and collected another 600 documents. Said one Brazilian Deputy: "A complete reorganization of Petrobrás is necessary."

Goulart called the whole blowup a "campaign which certain interests are carrying out against the government under the pretext of disclosing scandals in companies that belong to the people's patrimony. What they want is to destroy Petrobrás. I believe in the defense of Petrobrás." As part of that defense, he fired the company's three directors and its crusading President Silva. To replace Silva, Goulart chose Marshal Oswaldo Alves, 66, an old friend and former chief of Brazil's first army—who took over as the eighth president of Petrobrás in ten years.



COLONEL BAQUERO & HOMESTEADERS
Reaching the unreachable.



FIANCEE EKLUND
Right dishy.

To everyone else, the engagement may have seemed whirlwind, but **Peter Sellers**, 38, has been searching for six months—ever since his favorite clairvoyant said he would marry a girl with the initials B.E. Then he spotted Swedish Starlet **Britt Eklund**, 21, who was showing clairvoyance herself by checking into the Dorchester in London, right where Peter was staying. Before anyone could say "Love that Bomb," Peter had invited her in "for a friendly drinkie." After that it was 16 days of soft-Sellers—"Restaurants and little corners. I'm good at those"—before she flew off to Manhattan. And three days later he popped the question during a \$168 phone call "via Telstar." Smiled the smitten bridegroom-to-be: "I've only known her for a few weeks, but I don't think that matters. She is unsophisticated and also very dishy."

Since last July when Pole-Vault Champion **Brian Sternberg**, 20, lost control on a trampoline and plunged 14 ft. to a broken neck and complete body paralysis, he has never given up hope of regaining muscle-control. Last week, with partial arm movement restored, he traveled from Seattle's University Hospital to San Francisco to see his first track meet since the accident. "I don't know whether it's going to be fun or punishment," he told reporters. And the news he would go home for good in March also prompted mixed emotions: "I promised myself I'd never leave except under my own power. The doctors never have told me I will walk again. But it's my body; I know what I feel. They'll be saying the same thing when I walk away from that chair."

For the longest time, The Game (that's charades, to non-swells) has been the In sport at society dos. But Florida's best-dressed **Jean Harvey Vanderbilt** has a new one, a sort of pin-the-tag-on-the-horsy. "Naming a yearling

can be a wonderful icebreaker," says the wife of Horseman Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. And they already have quite a collection of monikers for their just-named two-year-olds. There's Kiss of Death, a daughter of Femme Fatale, Gone Goose, by Crafty Admiral out of Sitting Duck, and Shakedown Cruise, by Sailor out of Plucky Mail. But the game has one drawback: like any horse owners, the Vanderbilts are the final arbiters. Smiles Jean: "I must admit most of the names we finally select are the ones my husband thinks up."

ABC-TV proudly firmed up its commenting team for the July Republican Convention at San Francisco—and the middle linebacker will be **Dwight Eisenhower**. Appearing at least twice daily, Ike will report G.O.P. goings on from a special studio down the hall from his hotel suite. The whole slightly astonishing deal was, of course, swing with the help of ABC Vice President James Hagerty, Ike's former press secretary. An effort to line up **Harry Truman** for the Democratic Convention brought out the Missouri mile. The role of political commentator, said H.S.L., "is an unsuitable one for a former President."

Bang, said **Rudolf Bing**, and for the first time in the 81-year history of Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House the only ones standing were the ushers. The Met general manager, 62, blames standees for pepping up applause with "uncontrolled shouting, screaming and crazy yelling," and says "I will not have a Beattle-type performance going on." Moreover, they don't know how to dress. "I don't want them to come in white tie or in black tie. But I do want them to come in a tie." Still, the Met without standees is like Yankee Stadium without bleachers. So only one

performance after imposing his ban, Bing caved in, said the noisy, tieless, bossy, hard-core opera buffs could return forthwith.

Arnie's Army is physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight. And now it's going to be clean too. Along with his 20-odd other ventures, Gorfer **Arnold Palmer**, 34, is going into the laundry business in New York. It's called Arnold Palmer Laundry, Dry Cleaning and Maid Service Inc., is really the brainstorm of former Wimbledon Champion Sidney Wood, who's been in the business a long time. All Arnie has to do is be board chairman and collect the dough. Like the company slogan says: "Suits you to a tee." Gee.

Midst laurels stood: **Hyman Rickover**, 64, awarded a gold star in lieu of a second Distinguished Service Medal for "exceptionally meritorious service" as the Navy's atomic top kick; Atlanta Constitution Publisher **Ralph McGill**, 66, given the annual \$1,000 Florina Lasker Civil Liberties Award for "courage and integrity in defense of civil liberties"; NBC-TV Newsman **David Brinkley**, 43, presented with the 1964 Golden Key Award at a convention of the American Association of School Administrators for significant contribution to the national welfare.

The Sun Valley cottage was the same one Happy Murphy, now Rockefeller, stayed in, and the same judge handled the proceedings. While her husband presided over a board meeting in Detroit, **Anne McDonnell Ford**, 44, ended her six weeks in Idaho with a 20-minute divorce court appearance that terminated her 23-year marriage to **Henry Ford II** on grounds of mental anguish. The settlement, according to friends:



CHRISTINA AT THE OPERA



THE FORDS AT SUN VALLEY

Right staggering.

was a staggeringly generous \$16 million plus, along with custody of their son Edsel, 14. Daughters Charlotte, 22, and Anne, 21, were not at issue, since they are not minors. With the marriage finally sundered, Ford was free to wed his friend of four years, Italian Divorcee Christina Austin, 34, who now lives in Manhattan.

She went to Miss Hewitt's in Manhattan, l'Académie Maxim's and the Sorbonne in Paris—and debuted at Newport in 1960. He went to the Royal Naval College, Oxford's Brasenose College, and

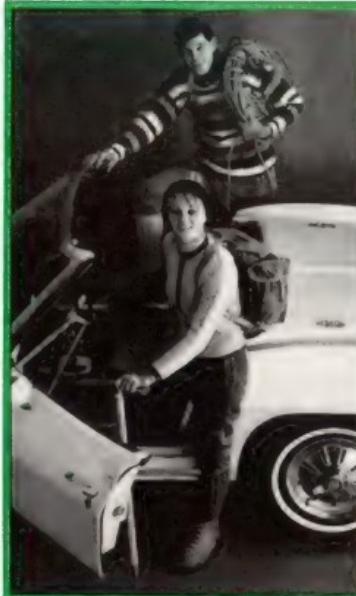


FIANCEES BULLOUGH & DESLOGE
Right sort.

was a Coldstream Guardsman. Now that, as they say in the set, is "the right sort," and everyone was delighted that pretty Durie Desloge, 22, will marry Briton Roderic Iain Bulloch, 28, in late May. The couple met in Bangkok last summer, and right now they are in Palm Beach visiting her mother, Durie Malcolm Bersbach Desloge Shevlin, who hit the prints last year when long-time, but never proved, rumors that she had once been secretly married to John F. Kennedy stirred a minor sensation.

Jack Benny last week celebrated his 39th birthday for the 32nd time.

Here, he said, grandly, and gave it to the March of Dimes. Thanks, they said, but we can't afford to keep it. Aright, he said, and gave it to a Miami Coast Guard Auxiliary. Sorry, said Coast Guard headquarters, but they can't keep it either. That left Elvis Presley, 29, with one large white yacht named *Potomac*. The vessel used to be F.D.R.'s pleasure craft, and Elvis had bought it for \$55,000 at auction, thinking to donate it to a worthy cause. At last Danny Thomas came steaming to the rescue and accepted it on behalf of Memphis' St. Jude's Hospital for children. "It seems sad that we are playing pingpong with a memento of history," said Danny, who then announced still one more ping. The hospital will sell the yacht to raise funds.



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86 PROOF

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The *drier* liqueur





BEATLES BRAVING JELLY-BEAN BARRAGE

Really Teddy bears, covered over with Piltdown hair.



LIVING IT UP AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY

SINGERS

The Unbarbershopped Quartet

Adults may not dig, but how could 20 million teen-agers be wrong? The Beatles are fab. The Beatles are great. The Beatles are different. The Beatles are cool, cool, cool, cool, cool.

All week long, the four young British singers progressed through scenes that might have been whimsically imagined by Dante. Whether it was New York or Miami, teen-aged girls by the massed thousands closed in as if to devour them. They pressed in and literally over the Beatles' limousines, standing on hoods and tops, screaming. On a brief trip to Washington, hundreds of grotesquely clawing hands reached toward them through the massive iron bars that partition Union Station. At a sell-out concert in Manhattan's Carnegie Hall, the Beatles stood on the stage in a hail of their beloved jelly beans, while flashguns intermittently lighted the great interior like night artillery, and they boomed their electrified rock 'n' roll into the wildly screaming darkness.

Real Fuel. All this seemed redolent of flackery, and the Beatles were certainly well publicized. But no press-agent can light a blaze like that—he can only strike a match here and there and pray to the pressagents' god. The Beatles are being fueled by a genuine, if temporary, hysteria. In every part of the U.S., teen-agers are talking about little else, and superhatch Beatle-size wigs are being sold by the hundreds of dozens. But part of the Beatles peculiar charm is that they view it all with bemused detachment. If they are asked why they think they qualify as, well, four Rockmaninoffs, they disarmingly concede that they have no real talent at all.

They are pure and classic idols. All they have to do is lift their arms or shake their waterweed hair to provoke screams that would blot out an all-

SHOW BUSINESS

clear signal. This is the oddest thing in the Beatles' strange celebrity. They are adulated singers whose swarming fans scream so steadily through each song that they cannot possibly hear what is being sung. Every so often the Beatles step forward and shout, "Oh, shut up," but that only quintuples the screams. Perhaps this is because the audience already has heard on records what it is missing in mere reality:

This boy would be happy just to love you.

*But oh my! ai/ai/ai
That boy won't be happy 'til he's seen you*

Cry/ai/ai/ai

There is a considerable difference, however, between the coleoptopian flight of these four English boys and the phenomenon of Elvis Presley or Frank Sinatra in his swooner phase. Presley made his pelvis central to his act, and the screams of his admirers were straight from the raunch. Sinatra's Adam's ap-

ple bobbed in Morse code, and no lass misread the message.

But the Beatles are really Teddy bears, covered over with Piltdown hair. The one word that teen-agers use over and over to describe them is "different." They are different not only because they all grope around under four years' growth of hair. They are different because they are as whole-some as choir boys. They only stand and sing. In a mass of misses, they only bring out the mother.

No one seemed wholly exempt from the contagion. Those who were not enthusiastic were at least curious. On the strength of their appearance, Ed Sullivan doubted his ratings. Even the highest brows and the remotest reclusion were undone by their young. Painter Andrew Wyeth, for instance, was badgered by his 17-year-old son into wangling a ticket, admits he would have gone along himself if he could have found a pair. Happy Rockefeller took young Jamie and Wendy Murphy to the Carnegie Hall concert—the first time she has been photographed with her children since her divorce and remarriage. In Washington, British Ambassador Sir David Ormsby Gore invited the non-U foursome to join a reception at the embassy and, with Lady Ormsby Gore, escorted them down the long staircase to meet the assembled guests. When the door prize turned out to be a Beatle album, Ringo presented it to the winner with a cheerfully irreverent aside: "We can get you a Frank Sinatra for the same price."

One Married. All from Liverpool, all in their early 20s, they come from similar working-class backgrounds. George Harrison's father is a bus driver. Paul McCartney's sells cotton. Ringo Starr, the somewhat corvine drummer, is the son of a house painter. He is called Ringo because he wears as many as six rings on his fingers. His real name is Richard Starkey.

John Lennon, organizer of the group,



ED SULLIVAN IN BEATLE WIG
Topping his ratings.

If you're after
a 36' or 40' boat,
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32' Riviera?



Why? Because smart skippers don't measure boats just by the amount of dock space they take. They check things like cabin room, performance, safety, maintenance required, and seaworthiness. And any skipper looking over this new 32' Roamer would find that this is a *big* boat; bigger in many ways than lots of boats with more length overall.

What's the "big" secret? Steel. Large plates of steel, welded to steel frames to make a rigid, watertight, one-piece hull. There's more usable space inside because steel framing is less bulky.

One look at the interior and you *know* this is a big boat. She sleeps six in uncramped comfort. A forward stateroom offers 6' 4" headroom and all the privacy you want. The main cabin has a roomy dinette, full headroom, a lounge (both

are convertible to berths), and a large, fully equipped galley. There's a full-height lavatory, and storage space is in abundance everywhere aboard. The rich, natural wood paneling, deep pile carpeting, and full headlining are all in the best big-yacht tradition.

Because of steel, this Roamer rides big, too. The extra strength and stability of the hull let you cruise confidently through the seas that send many a larger boat toward port. Roamers thrive on rough water. They refuse to pound in a heavy chop, and they'll hold course even in a following sea.

But where big boats usually have big maintenance problems, taking care of this Roamer is a snap. It laughs at underwater rust and corrosion (problems that were licked years ago) and neither dry

rot nor borers have any effect on the hull. There are no costly lay-ups for hull repairs. No seams to caulk. The cabin top and the hardtop (standard equipment) are fiberglass, and they'll stay sparkling white permanently. In fact, yearly maintenance may amount to no more than a fresh coat of paint.

And here's where the bigness ends: the price. With twin 185-hp V8 engines, the 32' Riviera's only \$17,995 (twin 210's are also available). So before you buy any boat, see your dealer about this one. (If there's no Roamer dealer near you, check with your Chris-Craft dealer. In many cases, you can order a Roamer through him.) For literature, write to Roamer Division, Chris-Craft Corporation, Pompano Beach, Florida. *FOB prices, specifications subject to change.*

Chris-Craft ROAMER YACHTS

What you can see within 100 miles of Shakespeare's Stratford



SHOTTERY (1 mile) Do what Shakespeare used to do: walk over to Anne Hathaway's cottage. Come in Spring, when "lady-smocks all silver-white do paint the meadows with delight."

(*Hints for visitors
to Shakespeare's England in 1964
—the poet's 400th anniversary*)



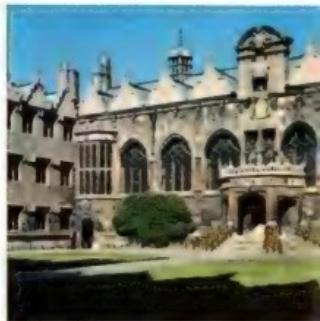
BROADWAY (15 miles) This is the Elizabethan village where J. M. Barrie wrote *Peter Pan*. Hop on a bus in Stratford and you can ride from village to pretty village for about 3 cents a mile.



GLOUCESTER (38 miles) This eloquent cathedral was built in the 14th century—a thousand years after the Romans set up camp here. You can visit 15 cathedrals within 100 miles of Stratford.



BELVOIR CASTLE (72 miles) Pronounce it "Beever." The Duke of Rutland lives here, in great halls hung with Gainsboroughs and Poussins. You can now visit his castle and art gallery for 35¢.



OXFORD (40 miles) Our picture shows Oriel College, where Sir Walter Raleigh learned his geography. Try navigating Oxford's rivers in a punt—a cushion-lined, flat-bottomed boat.



PEMBRIDGE (50 miles) Wayfarers have been lodging at the New Inn (above) for 650 years. Inn-hopping Americans often find prices as quaint as the half-timbering; bedandbreakfast from \$3.75.



COMPTON WYNATES (15 miles) Henry VIII often stayed here. The house's walls are honeycombed with secret stairways. In the garden, topiary bushes stand around like trysting courters.



BATH (70 miles) Yehudi Menuhin comes to this fashionable spa every June to lead a festival of music. Most festivals in 1964 will spotlight Shakespeare. Ask your travel agent for programs.

For free 16-page illustrated booklet, "Visit Britain in Shakespeare's Year 1964," see your travel agent or write Box 633, British Travel Association, In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—612 So. Flower St.; In Chicago—39 So. LaSalle St.; In Canada—151 Bloor St. West, Toronto.

never knew his father, who left home when John was three. John went through grammar school and into art college, where he married a classmate. They have a baby son. With Paul McCartney, Lennon has written most of the songs the Beatles sing—and he coined the name Beatle to suggest the steady pounding beat of the rhythms of rock.

Ludwig von Keats. Singing groups are countless in Liverpool, and the Beatles did not just come in off a street corner to fame, as happens so frequently in the U.S. They developed their coordinated skill in a long line of one-night stands. They actually went off to the beer cellars of Hamburg to become fully professional. When they recorded *Love Me Do* in 1962, they began their giddy spiral to fame.

The present group has been together about two years. There were two earlier Beatles, one who died of a brain hemorrhage and another who was dropped by the Beatles' manager because he didn't have enough personality and/or hair. Ringo, the oldest (23), is the newest Beatle.

What recommends the Beatles more than anything else is their bright and highly irreverent attitude toward themselves and their international magnitude. Reporters toss tickling questions at them, but it is generally the replies that explode.

"Why do you wear so many rings, Ringo?" demanded one reporter.

"Because I can't fit them all through my nose."

"What do you think of Beethoven, Ringo?"

"I love his poems."

What did the Beatles think of the unfavorable reviews they got in the New York Times and the Herald Tribune?

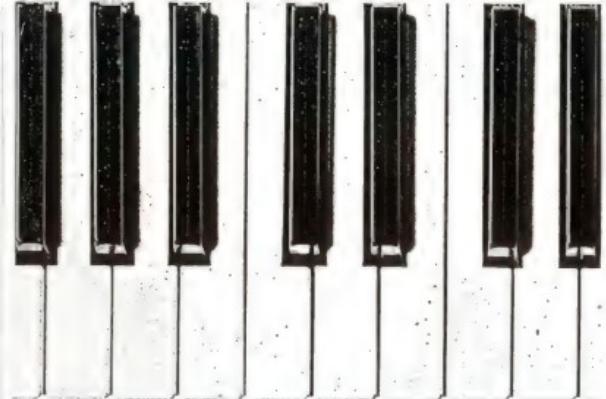
"It's people like that who put us on the map."

How do they rate themselves musically?

"Average. We're kidding you, we're kidding ourselves, we're kidding everything. We don't take anything seriously, except the money."



LIVERPOOL COMBO, 1961
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students: opportunity

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THE SUBURBS

Middle-Aged Myth

If luxury has a lap, Beverly Hills sits square upon it.

The city, currently celebrating its 50th anniversary, reeks of opulence: a two-car family might as well be on relief. But the shape of the place and the nature of its glamour have changed since the golden years, when Hollywood's pioneer stars came to the five-square-mile tract of beanfields, carved castles out of the surrounding canyons, and turned a wasteland into myth, when

kers and real estate agents. An area known variously as "Couch Canyon" and "Lilido Lane" houses most of the city's 198 psychiatrists, or approximately one to every 166 residents (compared with the national average of one per 1,100). There is no heavy industry and no effort to attract any. There are 22 banks, nine hotels, the cleanest jail in the country, and a chamber of commerce that couldn't care less. There are 65 acres of parks and playgrounds but no pool hall; a fencing academy but no laundromat or bowling alley.

No one has ever been buried in Bev-

erly Hills, and few have been born there: it has neither a cemetery nor a hospital. It claims to have the highest density of telephones of any community in the world (50,000 for 14,300 people). The average family income is more than \$19,000. There are no slums, no visibly poor, and no night life. Today's population is the oldest, with a median age of 46.8 years, of any major California city, and a high time in the old town consists for the most part of a movie and a malted.

Naturally, the natives are restless. They fit between the La Cienega art galleries to the east and the avant-garde theater and cultural programs at U.C.L.A. to the west. They suffer, at \$50 an hour, from what a leading psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph Greenson, calls "agitated boredom." "There was a time," says Greenson, "when people came to me with a specific problem—I love a girl who doesn't love me, something like that. Now they ask me 'Why am I unhappy?' When people who grew up worrying about making a living suddenly find they've made it, they have to

find a new focus for their anxiety. So there is a lot of dilettantism, a lot of hustling around." Some turn to philanthropy. "It is no problem," says former Democratic National Committee man Paul Ziffren, "to raise \$150,000 overnight in Beverly Hills."

Docile Paradise. "The latest prestige contest," says one cynic, "is to see how much money you can spend on the smallest house. The current front runner is a guy who spent \$300,000 on a two-bedroom 'bungalow.' Lots in the prestigious Trousdale Estates (where Richard Nixon lived out his seventh crisis) can bring as much as \$200,000, without house. But serious status seekers want real estate somehow associated with a celebrity. A man who had never seen it bought Frank Sinatra's two-bedroom pad for \$200,000. A businessman snapped up Dinah Shore's shack for a mere \$350,000. A little old lady with a fortune in oil stocks shelled out \$225,000 for Judy Garland's place; she had the house torn down, explaining: 'I just bought it for the lot.'

The city has occasionally flared into notoriety. In 1947, an ill-mannered colleague fired a bullet through the head of Mobster Bugs Siegel as he sat at ease in his mistress' mansion. In 1958, actress Lana Turner's daughter stuck a knife into Johnny Stompanato, a small-time hood who was a big-time boyfriend of her mother's. The occasion was celebrated by local teen-agers in a new dance, the "Stompanato Stomp." But by and large today's Beverly Hills is a docile little paradise. Its 95-man police force is on constant patrol; no police car is ever more than two minutes away from any house within its assigned area. The police are also vigilant guardians of public (if not private) morals, recently ordered the removal of a Michelangelo naked male figure from an art gallery window.

Gossip Columnist Hedda Hopper told guests gathered at a civic luncheon in honor of the city's anniversary that "Beverly Hills is no different from Altoona, Pa., except that the people here have more money." The assemblage laughed. They know better. Beverly Hills is a state of mind—and a hard one to attain.

PETS

Man's Best Friend... of the Moment

Ricky Tic Tac, sometimes known as Champion Courtenay Fleetfoot of Penneworth, pranced to immortality in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden last week as best dog in the prestigious Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show. Ricky is a whippet, and the first of his breed ever to win the putative status of America's top dog.

There are only 399 whippets regis-

* And the second of category: hound. Only other hound to win best dog at Westminster since the club began the category in 1907 was an Afghan: Shir Khan of Grandeur in 1957.



BEVERLY HILLS

Out of the beanfields, a state of mind.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford built their fabled 14-acre "Pickfair" and proposed that the community be walled off from the outside world, when the Basil Rathbones ordered snow one slow summer day, provided sleds and skis for a couple of hundred friends. Beverly Hills was then, and is now, the most glamorous suburb in the U.S.

The early stars died or moved away; their estates were sold or razed, divided and subdivided into expensive housing developments. Now the landscape looks like a Monopoly board toward the end of a hot game. Half a dozen houses now share the hilltop where Charlie Chaplin's castle and tennis court once stood in lonely splendor. The city is home to a new sort of populace—an ever-thrusting band of upper-middle-classmen, walking bank accountants without names who are determined to live up to the legacy of glamour. They are concerned not with style but with status.

Restless Natives. Mostly, they are high-priced professionals—doctors, dentists, lawyers—plus bankers, stockbro-

ers, and real estate agents. An area known variously as "Couch Canyon" and "Lilido Lane" houses most of the city's 198 psychiatrists, or approximately one to every 166 residents (compared with the national average of one per 1,100). There is no heavy industry and no effort to attract any. There are 22 banks, nine hotels, the cleanest jail in the country, and a chamber of commerce that couldn't care less. There are 65 acres of parks and playgrounds but no pool hall; a fencing academy but no laundromat or bowling alley.

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RHODESIAN RIDGEBACK



AFFENPINSCHER



PULI



YORKSHIRE TERRIER

tered in the U.S., and the breed ranks 58th in the roster of favorite U.S. dogs—well behind the first place poodles (147,055), and even behind such esoteric canines as Vizslas (589), schipperkes (937) and keeshonden (989). And this, plus Ricky's triumph, puts whippets in the running for In dog.

Poodles were once, but of course their popularity put an end to that. Almost at present, at least with show folk, is the Yorkshire terrier, a minuscule puff of fierce fluff, first bred by sporting Yorkshiresmen about 100 years ago to fight to the death with rats of equal size. These days Yorkies are more likely to be found in the arms of the likes of Audrey Hepburn, Elizabeth Taylor, Zsa Zsa Gabor, June Havoc, Billy Wilder, Billy Rose, Sandra Dee and Fannie Hurst. But there are 2,592 Yorkshire terriers registered in the U.S.—a bit many for real snob appeal. Those who would really like to be first on their block with a new kind of canine can find something for almost every taste.

Art lovers may appreciate the perky papillon, painted by Fragonard, Boucher, Velasquez and Titian. Its name derives from its butterfly-like ears. Madame de Pompadour always carried one. Marie Antoinette took hers along to prison, and Edith Wharton brought papillons to the U.S., where currently there are 158 registered.

You can be the second person in the U.S. to own a registered Belgian Malinois, whose real name, *le Malinois, chien de berger à poil court fauve charronné*, is the longest in dogdom. Apartment dwellers—or at least their neighbors—will favor the Basenji, a terrier-sized hunting dog once kept by the Egyptian pharaohs that never barks. But he whines, groans and gurgles, and when happy makes a noise described as “a cross between a croon and a yodel.” As for burglars—packs of Basenjis are used to hunt gorillas in their native Africa.

Melanocholias may get a lift from the clownish affenpinscher, a tiny cross between a terrier and a Pekingese, whose funny face is wreathed in a perpetual smile. Nonconformists will appreciate a Rhodesian ridgeback, an African lion dog that must be patted from tail to head because his fur grows that way. Heavy drinkers might find use for a puli, a shaggy sheepherder famed for

its ability to guide strays back into the fold. And antique collectors will want the world's oldest dog, the saluki, which appears in Sumerian carvings as early as 6000 B.C. The Arabs call him “el Hor” (the noble one), and use him to hunt gazelles. Saluki owners also have a ready-made subject of conversation with Socialite Ceezee Guest—she has one too.

FASHION

Lashed Up

Cosmetic-conscious women have dutifully painted their lips vermilion one season, chalk white the next, applied pancake, powder and rouge with abandon when *Vogue* endorsed The Ruddy Look, cut down on foundation bases (when *Harper's Bazaar* approved of Naked Cheeks). Hair styles have changed so often during the past ten years that even the beauty business began to grow bored with it all, threw in the sponge and recommended wigs. But that was last year's news. This year the eyes have it.

The Big-Eyed Look, achieved with the aid of mascara, eyebrow pencil, eye liner and eye shadow, has been around for a while. But until recently, only show girls admitted to wearing false eyelashes, and they, poor things, are a

notoriously shameless lot. Now, astonishingly, false eyelashes have been declared chic. And not only chic, but essential. Overnight, beauty salons have engaged eyelash “falseticians” who, for an average price of \$5, will measure and trim the customer's falsies as well as instruct her on how to apply and remove them.

Individual lashes are attached, one by one, to the customer's own (presumably stubby) ones, will last for a minimum of two or three weeks. They should be applied by professionals (Revlon specializes in the service). The “street-wear” length costs \$10, the longer versions close to \$20. More common are the strip eyelashes, which adhere to the lid for only a day and a half at a wearing but can be used and reused. The most realistic, and currently most popular, are made of human hair (imported from England and France), but they must be applied—with paste—by a mighty deft hand. Average cost: \$6. Installation is do-it-yourself. The classic lashes are made of seal fur, cost an average \$10, plus an extra \$4 for fitting and styling. Manhattan's Janus Mann Eyelash Salon sells models in mink (for \$50) and sable (for \$80) to customers who want to match their coats. Women like them so much that they are wearing as many as three sets (layer upon layer) at a time, achieving a wild, bushy-eyed effect. Their lids may droop under the burden and their vision blur, but there seems to be no end in sight for the whole blinking business.



HUMAN HAIR FALSES

SEAL FUR SUBSTITUTES
Oh, the burden of it all.

TRACK & FIELD

With OYOL on the Front

Loyola of Chicago's Tom O'Hara, 21, looks a little like the 97-lb. weakling of the Charles Atlas ads, who takes his girl friend to the beach and winds up getting sand kicked in his face. Tom actually weighs in at 130 lbs., but his skin is the color of bleached Irish linen, and a small-size track shirt hangs so loose on his scrawny chest that the letters on the front spell over. Being skinny, though, has certain compensations—and Miler O'Hara manages to make the most of them. On his way from the airport to last week's New York Athletic Club Games, he remembered that he had not had dinner. Stopping off at a Manhattan restaurant, he ate a bowl of vegetable soup, a thick sirloin steak, and a heaping plate of mashed potatoes. Then he went out and ran the fastest indoor mile in history.

No Rabbits. "I had no idea of going for the record," O'Hara admitted afterward—and hardly anybody in Madison Square Garden suspected what was about to happen when he took the start. Assaults on the mile record are fashioned like Marine landings: every step is plotted in advance and rehearsed for days, even weeks. Many are out-and-out team efforts, in which two or three fleet-footed (temporarily) "rabbits" are used to ensure a fast pace for the star. But O'Hara is a one-man team, and the N.Y.A.C. field was so-so at best. Nobody but O'Hara had ever run under 4 min. indoors, and North Carolina's Jim Beatty, the reigning record holder (at 3 min. 58.6 sec.), showed up only to wave at the crowd and fire the starter's gun.

For a full quarter-mile, O'Hara trailed the field—arms flapping, head



ICE SAILORS IN ACTION
Sometimes, they pray.

ICEBOATING

How to Ride Mosquitoes

Winter brings out the hero in some people. The first snowfall sends them schussing wildly down some precipitous slope, and the first freeze finds them strapping skates on wobbly ankles and pretending they are Gordie Howe. But of all the sundry forms of midwinter madness, nothing quite matches that of the iceboater. He may spend the summer sprawling in the cockpit of a Star or Lightning, watching the waves lap gently against his hull, sniffing the sea breeze, and reading John O'Hara. But just let the water turn to ice. Out come the brandy, the long johns, the parka and the racing goggles—and, lordy, watch his smoke.

All By Himself. In an instant, he turned on an incredible finishing kick. "Go! Go! Go!" screamed the fans as O'Hara raced off to battle the clock. For three long laps, he ran all by himself—head down, arms pumping, opening up a 60-yd. lead. Then he flung himself across the finish line and staggered weakly down the track while officials huddled to compare their watches. Cheers almost drowned out the announcement of his time: 3 min. 56.6 sec.—a fantastic 2 sec. faster than Beatty's old world record. "You sonuvagun!" cried Beatty. "Tokyo, watch out for the U.S.A.!"

The last American to win the metric mile in the Olympics was Mel Sheppard in 1908. And it is still a long way from 3 min. 56.6 sec. to the outdoor-mile mark of 3 min. 54.4 sec. set by New Zealand's Peter Snell, who will also be in Tokyo come October. But there is no telling how fast O'Hara can run if he is pressed. The son of a Chicago city employee, a C student in accounting, O'Hara thinks he knows: "I believe I can go a couple of seconds faster indoors," he said last week, "and I'd be disappointed if I couldn't run at least 3 min. 54 sec. outdoors."



MILER O'HARA (AFTER RECORD RUN)
Mostly, he eats.



STATE OF NEW MEXICO

"SPACE AGE RESEARCH CENTER FOR THE FREE WORLD"



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cockpit of his 24-ft. *Thunder Jet* and rocketed around an eight-mile course to win the International Skeeter Class championship. A printing-company president, former commodore of Wisconsin's Pewaukee Ice Yacht Club, Bill Perrigo sails a 38-ft. Inland Scow in the summers, is an expert on both water and ice. But stepping from one to the other, he says, is a little bit like a glider pilot learning to blast off in a jet. While he was practicing three weeks ago, his Skeeter hit a hidden "pressure heave" in the ice. One runner snapped off and flew back—and that accounts for the 15 stitches in Perrigo's face.

Catching a Vacuum. An iceboat travels fastest across the wind—on what sailors call a "reach." Its speed results from the sail's efficiency as an airfoil—something like the wing on an airplane. Sailing directly downwind, an iceboat cannot exceed the wind's speed. On a reach, though, the wind produces a vacuum on the lee of the slightly slanting sail. This results in a strong forward force. As the sail pushes forward trying to eliminate the vacuum, an iceboat can attain fantastic speeds—up to five times the actual wind velocity. The ice sailor hauls in the sheet for more and more zip, aims his boat with a tiller that controls the front runner. Then, sometimes, he prays:

After his first hair-raising sail across the ice, one novice shakily reported: "Riding an iceboat in a stiff breeze is no more dangerous or uncomfortable than driving a truck 90 miles an hour down a steep, wet hill with the wheels loose, no brakes, and pieces of the windshield flying back into your face." Unseen cracks in the ice can capsize an iceboat in the flick of an eyelash; just clipping a stray beer can left by some thoughtless ice fisherman can send the sensitive craft careening crazily out of control.

But serious accidents are remarkably rare, and enthusiasts insist that the sport is safer than skating, say, or skiing. They casually shrug off such occupational hazards as frostbite and injury from ice chips flung back by the razor-sharp front runner. "Many racers, including myself, have little blisters on the face where blood vessels have broken," says Chicago's Jane Pegel, 30, who won the national DN Class championship in 1960 and 1963. She spurns the use of a knitted face mask because she claims it interferes with her judgment of wind conditions.

The risks and discomforts are small enough price for the thrill of a bone-rattling run over perfect ice. Says W. Tyson Dominy, a Long Island lab technician who has been sailing iceboats for 28 years: "When you're sailing close-hauled to the wind with the runners screaming just few inches below the iceboat's hull, piling on breeze and speed, with the frozen bay stretched out open and free for miles ahead—well, once you've felt that sensation, you come back to do it again and again."

WINTER OLYMPICS FINAL SCORE

	Gold	Silver	Bronze
Soviet Union	11	8	6
Austria	4	5	3
Norway	3	6	3
Finland	4	4	3
France	4	4	0
Germany	3	3	0
Sweden	3	3	1
United States	2	2	3
Netherlands	1	0	2
Canada	0	0	3
Great Britain	0	1	0
Italy	0	1	0
North Korea	0	1	0
Czechoslovakia	0	0	1

GOLF

A Hitting Man's Golfer

Golf is supposed to be a scientific game—"90% thinking and 10% hitting," the pros tell anyone who is willing to listen (at \$10 per half-hour). But Jack Nicklaus, 24, is a hitting man's golfer.

"How would you like to be playing against that fellow?" wailed Gary Player last week, as Jack split the Phoenix Country Club's fairway with a 350-yd. drive. Going into the last round of the \$50,000 Phoenix Open, Nicklaus was trailing George Bayer by three strokes. He took just five holes to take over the lead. He reached the first, a 528-yd. par five, with a driver and a No. 2 iron, and two-putted for a birdie. He parred the second and third, birdied the fourth. Then came the fifth—a tricky 305-yd. par four, with a gaping trap stretched across the front of the green. Other players sensibly hit iron off the tee—purposely playing short of the trap—but Nicklaus pulled out his driver. The ball dropped 6 ft. from the pin—an easy eagle. Waiting on the tee, Bob Rosburg threw up his hands. "What can I do for an encore," he asked, "after a man hits a shot like that?"

Nicklaus played his own encore. He sliced his tee shot badly on the 411-yd. sixth hole, still got down in three for a birdie. On the par-five, 549-yd. seventh, Jack got into trouble again. This time, he underestimated his own strength and all but overshot the green with his second shot—a No. 2 iron. Luckily, the ball came to rest on the back fringe. Two putts gave Nicklaus still another birdie, and at the end of seven holes, Jack was six under par.

It is undoubtedly a good thing for golf that Nicklaus is no great shakes as a putter. By the time he finished the round, Jack had three-putted two greens, muffed four easy putts of 5 ft. That pretty well settled his hash: the best he could manage was a score of 66 for a 72-hole total of 271 (13 under par) and a three-stroke victory. He even managed to look annoyed at himself as he pocketed a \$7,500 check that boosted his bankroll to \$8,700 and made him golf's No. 1 money-winner so far in 1964.



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MISSIONS

Commandos in the City

"God operates in the events and movements of men, and the task of Christianity is to get where the action is, to get where the decisions are being made," So argues the Rev. Donald J. Benedict, 46, who is general director of one of the nation's liveliest and most progressive Protestant institutions: the nondenominational Chicago City Missionary Society.

Set up as a charitable foundation in 1882, the society today is a kind of spiritual commando unit, experimenting with new tactics of evangelism on the battleground of the Inner City. It has taken over, integrated and kept

the relationship of Christian ethics to business ideology.

Many of these programs were dreamed up by Don Benedict, a burly, energetic United Church of Christ minister who has been impresario of the society's operations since 1960. A graduate of Albion College in Michigan and Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary, Benedict served two penitentiary terms during World War II for failing to register for the draft. Eventually he found his ardent pacifism giving way to a conviction that the Allied cause was just, and he ended up the war as an Army sergeant on Iwo Jima. After the war, Benedict was one of the founders of Manhattan's now famous East Harlem Protestant Parish, spent six years



BENEDICT & YOUNG PARISHIONERS AT CHICAGO STOREFRONT CHURCH

Service to the world as well as service at the altar.

alive a dozen Protestant churches that threatened to close up shop when predominantly neighborhoods turned into Negro slums. Its West Side Christian Parish consists of three storefront chapels in a Negro district, one run by a dozen laymen and a minister who live together in shared poverty on a welfare-scale budget. Another society-sponsored church cheerfully operates out of a former bar.

Ethics & Ideology. The society is constantly finding new ways to provide service to the world as well as service at the altar. For Chicago's growing population of Mexicans and Puerto Ricans, it operates a neighborhood house, complete with medical and dental clinics and a job-referral program. It set a team of educators to writing new Sunday-school texts that would fit the educational and cultural backgrounds of impoverished urban children. The society's mission extends to all levels of the city: it sponsors a middle-income housing program, backs a thriving Christian drama group, has two workers on the staff of big corporations studying

establishing mission churches in Cleveland slums before he was called to Chicago.

Jazz & Comedians. Not all churchmen approve Benedict's try-anything approach to evangelism, and a few of the society's ambitious projects have, in fact, ended in failure—notably, a citywide ministry to Chicago's teen-age gangs. But Benedict believes that Christianity stands in as great a need of reformation today as it did in Luther's time, and that the church must be willing to attempt new ways of serving the world. While technology and industrialization change the face of society, the church remains trapped in a parish structure that dates from about the 8th century. In certain urban areas, Benedict would like to abandon the idea of the parish as a geographical unit, instead set up small, cell-like units of people linked by intellectual or professional interests.

"We may have to discard this medieval service on Sunday morning," he warns. "Who says that this is the best way to communicate the Christian

faith?" In future urban liturgies, Benedict foresees, Bach and plain song may give way to hymns in jazz tempo, and King James Version prose to spiritual reading drawn from secular writers, including comedians.

The new missions of the church, Benedict argues, will have to be carried on by laymen, who do most of the society's work now and conduct many of its religious services. While the clergy "are stuck in residential enclaves of wives and children," Christian laymen face the real challenge of leading the church "from piety to servanthood." In Benedict's view, a hard ethical decision made by a dedicated Christian in business or politics can be a form of prayer. As he told a group of Canadian laymen at a meeting last fall: "You know what the world is like far more than we clergymen do."

PROTESTANTS

Marching Toward Merger

The Protestant churches of the U.S. once seemed as fragmented as ancient Greece's city-states—but that was before the Ecumenical Era. Within the past month, a number of denominations have moved significantly closer to corporate union:

► In Chicago, Lutheran church leaders drew up a draft constitution for a new cooperative service agency to replace the present National Lutheran Council. Founded in 1918, the council now serves the Lutheran Church in America (3,100,000) members and the American Lutheran Church (2,300,000). Its proposed successor would bring in two conservative bodies that have long been wary of cooperating: the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod (2,500,000) and the Synod of Evangelical Lutheran Churches (20,000). At Missouri's insistence, the new agency will have a strong division for theological studies, which could help resolve some of the issues that now stand in the way of Lutheran intercommunion and pulpit fellowship.

► Even closer to union are the 928,000-member Presbyterian Church in the U.S. (Southern) and the Reformed Church in America (232,000). A joint study committee has found no major obstacle to merger of these two Calvinist bodies, which already share a common church school curriculum and operate joint missions abroad. Observers believe that a formal announcement of merger may be made in time to celebrate the 400th anniversary of John Calvin's death, May 27.

► At Washington's Wesley Theological Seminary, representatives of the African Methodist Episcopal, African Methodist Episcopal Zion, and Christian Methodist Episcopal churches held a historic first consultation on the possibility of union. Leaders discovered no doctrinal disputes that would prevent the eventual creation of one Negro Methodist body with a combined membership of approximately 2,500,000.



Can a humble cotton shirt save this marriage? Tune in below.

As you remember, John, unbeknownst to his wife Mary, had purchased another all-cotton shirt. For Mary, it was another cotton to iron, and this was the last chore. For John, it was give up the cotton-pickin' habit—or the marriage. Luckily, John recalled the salesman's words and reasoned with her. "It's Arrow's Fenway Club, a wash-and-wear that



really works. Irons itself in the washing machine!" Mary was skeptical. But, when John mentioned the "Sanforized-Plus" label, she believed. Now Mary and John, in his tapered, \$5 Arrow Fenway Club with trim Tabber-Snap collar, live happily ever after—after every wash after wash after wash. Now, a word from our sponsor. John's Arrow tie costs \$2.50.

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CALDWELL IN HER LAIR



SUTHERLAND IN "I PURITANI"

Wanting can lead to getting.

OPERA**The Persistent One**

Sarah Caldwell was neglecting herself again. Her hair was stringy and matted, her clothes unbelievably shabby. She was keeping alive on a daily ration of one dozen hamburgers, with suitable amounts of coffee and Cokes. On nights when she worked till dawn, she would wrap herself up in her overcoat, ease her 300 lbs. down into one of the aisles of her theater, and sleep. Her friends would find her there in the morning, vaguely punchy but ready for work.

To needle everyone into proper trim for her production of Bellini's *I Puritani*, Caldwell was working 20 hours a day with the cast and crew of her Boston Opera Group. She had read armloads of 17th century histories. She had studied the score and plugged herself into her nocturnal-education tape recorder so often that *I Puritani* had seeped down into her subconscious and kept drifting out all day in soft, idle humming. In pursuit of her ideal of "vital musical theater," she had directed acting, lighting, costuming, singing and playing through weeks of strenuous rehearsal. Predictably, when the curtain fell last week in the converted moviehouse that is her winter lair, she could claim one of the best *I Puritani* productions ever.

Artful Cojolery. With a dismal, cramped theater, a small orchestra borrowed from the Boston Symphony, no resident chorus, and a budget that might be mistaken for lunch money at the Met, Sarah Caldwell, 38, is gaining a professional reputation as the best opera director in the U.S. Her company can give only one performance each of five productions this season, but her ardor and talent are so deep that everything she does is memorable. Her *Lulu* last month was a musical triumph for Boston, but *I Puritani* may have been the chef-d'oeuvre of her career.

Whatever she wants, she seemingly gets, and the very persistence of the Caldwell approach was so intriguing

that Joan Sutherland gladly gave up two weeks in the heart of the concert season to prepare for her U.S. stage debut in the role. Through artful cajolery and the promise of a creative hand in the production, Caldwell had both Sutherland and her husband, Richard Bonynge, working at double time. The results showed it: though normally a phlegmatic actress, Sutherland made Bellini's gloriously mad Elvira anguished and giddy, impish and frenzied, wild-eyed and playful. Showing a new command of her coloratura range, Sutherland moved against shifting configurations of chorus and cast until the audience erupted in gasps and bursts of applause.

Singing Syndromes. There are no prompters in a Caldwell production, and singers are forbidden to take cues from the conductor, thus freeing opera from one of its prime embarrassments: the I'm-singing-to-her-hut-I'm-looking-at-him syndrome. She strives for drama as well as spectacle; when her spear carriers enter, it is with a flash of steel and a purpose. She knows all the languages of opera, knows music so well that she

often conducts. She pursues authenticity and realism to the point of demanding old chains instead of new rope on an obscure drawbridge, and the sum of her interests gives even a bizarre tale such as *I Puritani* the dignity of at least pausing plausibility.

Her knack for opera extends as far as fund raising. Knowing well what town she is in, Caldwell has retained a certain John Godfrey Lowell Cabot as her moneyman, and Boston has the proper impression that it owes her something. This year \$115,500 of her \$210,000 budget came from donations, but even at that, Boston will have to go some to meet her real ambition: a professional resident company with a 25-week performance schedule. "If you can sell green toothpaste in this country, you can also sell opera," she says coolly.

Born in Missouri, Sarah Caldwell has cut a wide swath in Boston for 20 years. She arrived as a violin student at the New England Conservatory, then gave up the fiddle in 1947 after she discovered opera. She spent ten years on the Boston University music faculty and increased the curriculum so radically that opera students were signed up for compulsory courses that lasted until 10 p.m. She founded the Opera Group six seasons ago, and in the years since, she has given no thought to anything else—least of all herself.

JAZZ**The Prayerful One**

There came a time ten years ago when Mary Lou Williams decided that jazz was the devil's own music. She was among the best of the bebop pianists, but out on the scene she sensed evil all around her. She could even hear it echo in her playing. One blue night in Paris, "the badness" overwhelmed her: she got up from the piano and quit jazz cold. She drew up a list of names to pray for (urgent cases marked in red), and before long she had an endless coil of sadness, an en-

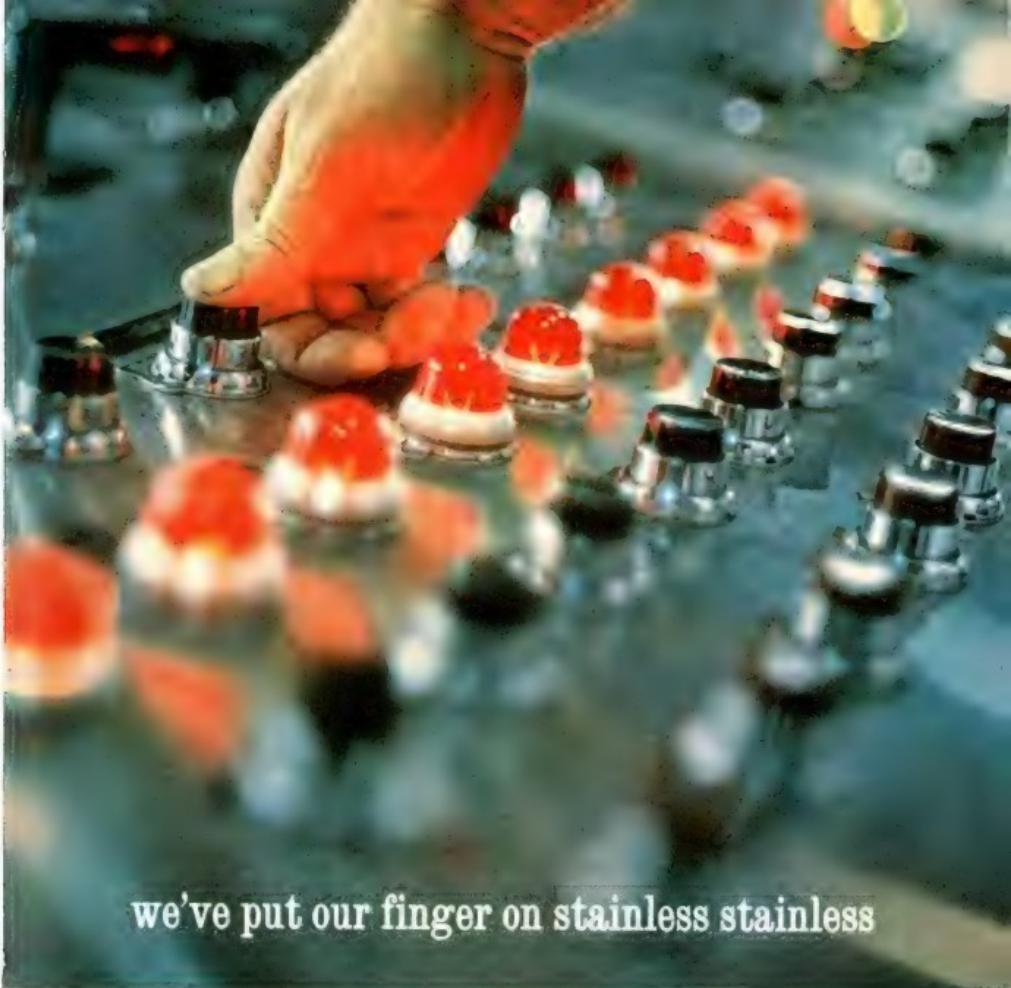


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cyclopedia of bad trouble, a roll of death and dishonor. For years there was nothing for her to do but pray.

Then she joined the Roman Catholic Church. A priest convinced her that God would be pleased to hear her play once more: music was his greatest gift to her, and music played by a prayerful person, the priest explained, is a kind of prayer. Mary Lou broke her silence six years ago, but she found little pleasure in performing. Last week, still a bit reluctant, still mightily prayerful, Mary Lou was at the piano inside the oval bar at Manhattan's Hickory House. The town's best jazzmen were sprinkled through her audience, and there was nothing for her to do but play.

In Transition. Mary Lou led her two accompanists through the basic jazz vocabulary like a teacher running a spelling bee: posing questions in rhythm and harmony, she would close her eyes to listen for the answers on bass and drums. Often she seemed concerned with clichés. But somehow, when her fingers sounded the familiar *oo-bla-dee* and *ba-ree-hop*, the old phrases rang like new coinage. Which was only right, since Mary Lou minted them first. In the old days when she played "zombie music" and early hop, her style was constantly in transition, constantly a skip ahead of jazz. Now, "playing in the tradition" is a high ideology with her, and any echo of the avant-garde enrages her. "Have you heard these 'freedom' players?" she asks, lips curling in disgust. "They're making people sick all over town."

In contrast, Mary Lou thinks of herself as a "soul" player—a way of saying that she never strays far from melody and the blues, but deals sparingly in gospel harmony and rhythm. "I am praying through my fingers when I play," she says. "I get that good 'soul sound,' and I try to touch people's spirits."

Down & Out. Her discoveries of both God and the devil in jazz reflect perhaps the troubled state of her own spirit. But even so, she seems to have found her way. With the help of a priest, she has written a jazz hymn to St. Martin de Porres, a mulatto saint of the 17th century, and she is now working on a jazz Mass.

Away from the piano, her life is even richer. She is founder and proprietor of a foundation for the rehabilitation of down-and-out jazzmen, and she runs a Manhattan thrift shop for the foundation's benefit. Musicians who are doing well drop by with contributions nearly every day, and turning the merchandise into cash can sometimes tax even the devotion of Mary Lou. Only recently, Louis Armstrong's wife donated 100 pairs of size 4½ shoes; the Duke donated a hand-painted pool stick and a mink bow tie.

* Jazzmen such as Ornette Coleman, Eric Dolphy and, lately, Sonny Rollins, whose ensemble playing ignores harmonics in pursuit of "free" melody lines.

DEC. 20, 1963...



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THE THEATER

Stalin on Broadway

The Passion of Josef D. Paddy Chayefsky has changed butchers; his Josef Stalin is a Martyr with fangs. It is Chayefsky's notion in this play that Stalin can best be understood as a brute with an unquenchable thirst for the Absolute. Beginning as a divinity student in a Tiflis Orthodox seminary, Stalin lost his belief in God. According to Chayefsky, Stalin was further desolated and left with a desperate sense of meaninglessness when his first wife died agonizingly. As a Bolshevik revolutionary,

FRED PEEL



STALIN & TROTSKY IN "JOSEF D."
A messy death for the bourgeoisie.

he found new meaning in life; in Lenin he found a new god.

To support this idea, by now stale, of Communism as a surrogate religion, Chayefsky feels free to rewrite the early history of the Russian Revolution in the best tradition of Soviet historians. He makes Stalin out to be Lenin's right-hand强man, which he was not, while also creating the illusion that Stalin was capable of nimble ideological disputes with Lenin. Trotsky (Alvin Epstein) is portrayed as a kind of effete dancing master and relegated to a stage-struck walk-on part in the Revolution, so that no playgoer would ever guess that he was looking at the man who forged the Red army.

This tampering with history might be dramatically justified if it were amusing or ironic or revelatory, but *Josef D.* incessantly lectures and never electrifies. Chayefsky misdirects his own work, injecting group chorales and Brechtian-inspired political satire in which inane bourgeois messily cut their own throats onstage. Peter Falk's Stalin is a menacing thug with a will of granite, but Luther Adler's Lenin is too mellow and self-questioning for the single-minded intellectual doctrinaire who could be just as implacable as Stalin. To recreate the rationale of tyranny should not be to forget that for men like Lenin and Stalin, power is its own reward.



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COLUMNISTS

Who Lost What Olympics?

Should the U.S. Winter Olympics team have done better at Innsbruck? Many a disappointed sports fan said so, for many a reason—perhaps none more strongly than the editorial writer for the New York Herald Tribune, who all but accused this country's athletes of being soft: "Even without forcing processes, rigid state discipline and special incentives, one would expect a better showing. It would seem that the late President Kennedy had a strong point in his alarm over the level of physical fitness among the youth of America."

That harsh judgment drew an immediate response from the Trib's columnist Walter Wellesley Smith. "In the first place," wrote Red Smith, "we did not lose the Olympics." No nation ever does, because the Games are not set up that way. They embrace a program of competitions among individuals and individual groups like hockey teams, not among national teams. In the events that interest American kids the United States athletes performed creditably. There was not a trace of evidence that any American kids were physically unfit. Indeed, we never had a ski team half so thoroughly prepared.

"Years of success in international competitions have given Americans delusions of grandeur where sports are concerned. We expect to win everything and are alarmed when we don't. We forget that in the Olympics it is America against all the other nations of the world, and that in many events we are trying to buck others at their own game. For example, these were the first Olympics to have racing on a small sled which the French called a *tige*, the Germans a *rodel* and the English a toboggan, which it isn't. Ours was a pickup team of utter greenhorns. It would have been preposterous to expect them to beat racers who have been riding these things since infancy.

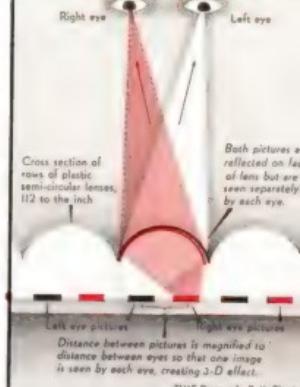
"Self-appointed spokesmen in this country are curiously self-contradictory. They sneer at the Russians as professionals who traduce the Olympic ideal. Then, counting up the medals, they add, 'Maybe we ought to do the same thing.' We have enough kids hired by colleges to play football or basketball or to run foot races."

MAGAZINES

Look's Illusion

"A LOOK FIRST: 3-D PHOTO," proclaimed the message on the cover. The Parallax Panoramic may mark the beginning of a new era in graphic arts," said the press release. As it turned out, Look's first ran almost last in the magazine. On page 105, just short of the back cover, persevering readers

3-D OPTICS



TIME Diagram by R. M. Chapman

found a stiff, postcard-size appendage, attached in the manner of a subscription renewal card. On the card was a black and white picture that showed a bust of Thomas Alva Edison surrounded by some half-dozen of his inventions. What made most readers stop and look twice was the picture's distinct illusion of depth.

Look's stunt, the result of 13 years' research, constitutes the latest effort to translate the real world of three dimensions into the picture world of two. Artists have employed *troupe l'oeil* three-dimensional techniques for centuries. But true success for photographers awaited the invention of the stereopticon camera in the 19th century, which took two pictures of the same subject through lenses that were separated like a pair of human eyes. When the viewer saw each picture separately, through separate lenses, his brain automatically supplied the missing dimension of depth.

The Look process is almost identical. A specially designed camera takes pictures through a transparent screen that is serrated to break up the image into hair-thin vertical slices. The camera is then moved slightly to the right or left, as other, sliced-up pictures are taken on the same negative.

The process is laborious, costly and slow, and not yet adaptable to high-speed printing. Merely to pose the static picture in last week's Look took two full days of work with a one-ton, cubical camera as complicated as an electronic computer. Five additional weeks were required to engrave the photograph, print it some 7,000,000 times on a sheet-fed offset press and then pour on and properly shape the

clear plastic film that covers the picture with what amounts to a collection of lenses. The plastic lenses are so arranged that the viewer's left eye sees one of the serrated pictures, the right eye sees the other (see diagram).

Look and its partners in the enterprise, Eastman Kodak Co. and Harris-Intertype Corp., which built the equipment that adds the plastic lens coat, have high hopes of commercial success. Cowles Magazines & Broadcasting, Inc., Look's parent company, plans to establish a separate corporation, to be called Visual Panoramics Inc., to sell its 3-D process to greeting-card manufacturers, display-art companies and anyone else willing to pay the price in money and time for an unspectacled illusion of depth.

Exclusive Giveaway

For the working executive whose In basket never seems to be empty, one practical rule of thumb is that anything mailed to him free is probably not worth reading. But there is one giveaway magazine that has sought, with mild success, to be an exception. In seven years, *News Front*, which calls itself "management's news magazine," has at least gained entry to some of the most influential In baskets in the U.S. Among its 92,000 nonpaying recipients are the presidents and key officers of the country's 7,500 largest companies, the Governors of all 50 states, all U.S. Congressmen, the members of President Johnson's Cabinet, and his nobs himself.

News Front was started in 1957 by Baldwin H. Ward, 51, a sometime advertising salesman, and nearly died at birth. Advertising, *News Front's* sole source of revenue, fell to three to five pages an issue during the recession of 1957-58. All told, says Ward, he dropped \$400,000 before nudging *News Front* barely into the black last fall.

News Front's gift subscribers seem to favor its relatively bland reading fare. One of the most popular features of each issue is also the most unreadable, except perhaps to businessmen: interminable tabulations of what some segment of the business scene spends on research, collects in income, earmarks

for advertising—all cast in the eye-straining type that spills from electronic computers. Many of *News Front's* trend stories demand not only reader attention but reader participation: the magazine is forever sending out lengthy questionnaires to its circulation list (60% of the subscribers usually fill them out).

If nothing else, *News Front* qualifies as one of the most exclusive giveaway magazines in print. Publisher Ward vigilantly keeps his subscriber list pure, firmly turns down unqualified junior executives who are eager to get a free subscription for the prestige it may confer. This, as much as *News Front's* content, may explain why business leaders seem willing to let the magazine drop in their In basket each month. Every year, Publisher Ward asks his subscribers, by mail, if they want *News Front* to keep coming. All but 3% of them do.

NEWSPAPERS

To Catch a Thief

While police detectives braced his legs, Milwaukee Sentinel Photographer James G. Conklin, 40, leaned perilously out over the narrow building ledge and aimed his camera at the ground, seven stories below. Magnified by the camera's 300-mm. telescopic lens, the subject loomed sharp and clear. Conklin set his motorized shutter, and his camera caught twelve pictures of a thief in the act (see cuts).

The Sentinel's pictures, spread all over Page One one morning last week, were all the evidence Milwaukee police needed to arrest John Allen Thomas, 44, a Brink's guard assigned to collect nickels from parking meters under a contract with the city. Tipped more than a month ago that most of Thomas' take was winding up in his own pocket, the Sentinel called in the police. Together they worked out their plan for trapping the coin pilferer with Conklin's camera. Confronted with graphic evidence of his guilt, Thomas confessed stealing nearly \$500 in nickels in eight weeks. Said Photographic Thief Catcher Conklin: "I feel kind of sorry for the guy. But like they say, I guess crime doesn't pay."

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BRINK'S GUARD TIPPING PITCHER OF COINS INTO POCKET

The evidence was spread all over Page One.

ART



SIQUEIROS

Breaking the bars.



"DANCER" (1963)

Paintings from Prison

Mexico's patriarchal painter, David Alfaro Siqueiros, found guilty of Communist rabble rousing during some 1960 riots, is serving his fourth year in prison, with at least two to go. But locking up Siqueiros in a cell in Mexico City's Black Palace prison does not mean locking up his energy. Carrying out an old ambition, he has organized a baseball team, with himself at first base, which plays in the prison yard. And he steadily paints little pictures that sell at \$1,500 apiece. This month Manhattan's New Art Center Gallery is showing 16 Siqueiros paintings, ten of them done in 15-ft. by 7-ft. home.

Though he says that his eyesight is growing weaker in his dim cell, Siqueiros still wields a dancing brush that creates images somersaulting and swirling far from a prison courtyard. His jail-made *Dancer* wishfully wraps a cape of anatomy around a vaulted pole. His forceful, lavender-colored *Mother and Child* casts the swaying shadow of a madonna into a posture of freedom. In keeping with the size of his studio, the paintings are small; their message is that the great talent, having been put in the cooler, is frozen.

Nonetheless, the work serves Siqueiros' purpose. "My painting has always been that of a free man," he says. "Even though my painting is that of a man in jail, I break my prison bars by painting landscapes and beautiful days."

At Home with Henry

Just across Fifth Avenue from Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum, the U.S.'s amplest conservatory of time-tested art, is a hothouse of the newest and least tested. It is the apartment of Robert C. Scull, the world's most avid collector of Pop art or, as it is more generously called, New Realism.

The Sculls, in most respects a normal, unpretentious, upper middle-class American family, live with Pop, sleep with it, eat with it, relax with it, and love it. They are not, however, bitter cultural rebels, ready to dynamite the Corinthian columns of the Met. At least Met Director James Rorimer does not think so. He enjoys going to the Sculls' for dinner and finding out how avant a garde can get.

Plastered Pulse. Among Rorimer's special kicks is encountering in the lobby a life-size plaster cast of one of the Met's curators, Henry Geldzahler, made by Sculptor George Segal. For the Sculls, the plastered Henry (*top picture, opposite page*) has become a household pet. Scull likes to feel Henry's pulse. "How pale you look," he murmurs. Scull's three boys chat with Henry and use him as a talisman of good luck for exams at school.

Beyond the foyer the walls are a vir-

tud tapestry of contemporary art; the furniture, mostly antique except for braces of modern Mies and Eames chairs, cowers in the center of the rooms to make place for paintings. Even Scull's eldest son, Jonathan, 15, covers the walls of his room with his own collection of junior-sized examples of Pop that he buys by installments with his allowance. The apartment is so cluttered with art derived from familiar objects that frequently guests pick up an ordinary cigarette box and ask who the artist was.

A.T. & T. on the Walls. New York-born Robert Scull, 45, paid his way through nine years of part-time college by painting signs, ran his own industrial design firm through the 1940s. He and his wife Ethel, whom everybody calls "Spike," lived in a one-room flat a few blocks from the Museum of Modern Art and regarded its paintings as theirs. "Nearly all of our entertaining was held in the penthouse of the museum," Scull reminisces. Then Scull acquired a fleet of taxicabs, some real estate, and started making money.

His first art acquisition was a spurious Utrillo, bought at auction for \$245. "I felt as though I had bought all of A.T. & T.," he recalls. When he became aware that it was a phony, he sold it fast—for \$55 profit. He decided after that to gamble with undeniably authentic contemporaries. Nowadays, says Scull, "I spend Sundays prowling studios, the upper stories of fish wholesale buildings, the back alleys of Brooklyn tenements. I don't presume to know a great work of art from a so-so effort. I simply buy what I feel I want to own, and I live with these things. I just love them."

The Sculls have commissioned 15 new paintings during the past ten years, including several family portraits. Andy Warhol, when asked to do a portrait of Ethel, put her in an automatic snapshot studio in Times Square and fed heaps of quarters into it. "Now start smiling and talking," said the artist.



COLLECTORS ETHEL & ROBERT SCULL
Laughing it up.

LIFE WITH POP

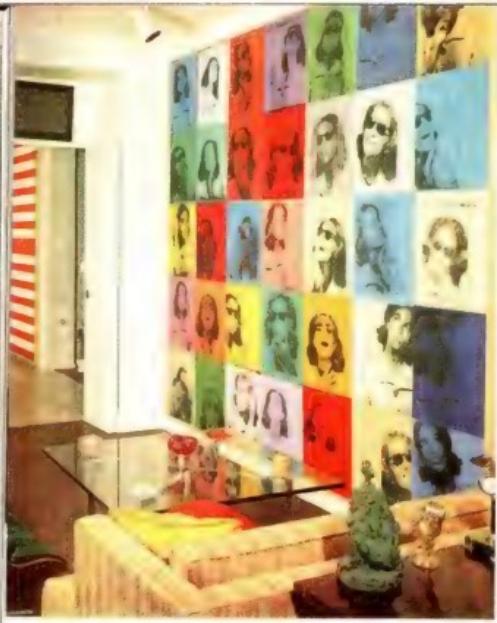


PLASTER FIGURE before false housefront, paint-stiff *Shirt* (Oldenburg) and poster painting (Indiana) make lobby of Sculps' Manhattan apartment show place for Pop art.

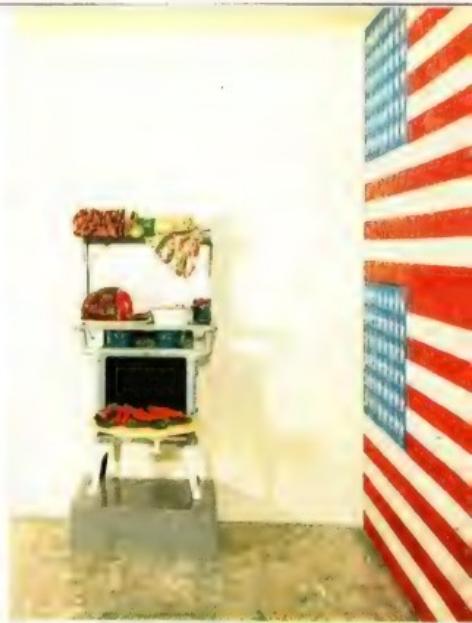
PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT COOPER

CRUSHED JUNK sculpture (center) by Chamberlain sits on pedestal in living room. Guests in Mies chairs view Kline painting (left) or Samaras prickly *Pin Box* on table.





PENNY-ARCADE SNAPSHOTS provided basis for Andy Warhol's 35 silkscreen images of Ethel Seull in library.



OLD-FASHIONED STOVE with papier-mâché food by Oldenburg is shown as work of art. Flags are Jasper Johns's.

BILLBOARD-INSPIRED "SILVER SKIES" BY ROSENQUIST FILLS WALL OF FRENCH PROVINCIAL DINING ROOM.



while the mechanical camera took scores of candids, "this is costing me money." Then Warhol silk-screened 35 of the most vivid views onto squares of canvas, colored variously to give them the psychologically potent hues, producing a serial portrait of a woman in love with life.

Plaster-packer Segal, whose works recall Pompeian people petrified in lava, did a cast of Seull, and James Rosenquist did a family portrait. In it, nothing shows of Seull but his legs and feet, next to a realistic taxicab with open door, and inside the cab, an upside-down closeup of Ethel being kissed on the nose by one of her children. "Not quite the *Mona Lisa*," says Seull, "but it's us."

One Luminous Thing, Seull is something shocked by his notoriety as a Pop art collector. Of the 200-odd works he has bought, mostly by abstract expressionists, only about 40 are by Pop artists. His living room is an oasis of his earlier purchases, safe and strangely solacing works by Barnett Newman, Mark Rothko, Clyfford Still, Willem de Kooning and Franz Kline. But he ardently defends Pop:

"It's not a statement of what the world could be, or will be, or was, or should have been," he says. "It is a statement of what is, an art that will show who and what we really are and what we really thought long after we are all gone, because it holds up in one object or one surface, in one bright, luminous and concentrated thing—whether a beer can or a flag—all the dispersed elements that go to make up our lives."

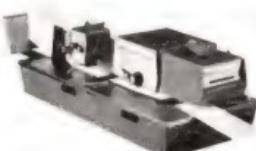
Zoo Story

Somebody is always trying to make a monkey out of modern art. This time it was Peter, 43, a West African chimpanzee with a penchant for paint, who lives in Sweden's Boras zoo. Newsmen on the Göteborgs-Tidningen, a Göteborg daily, got Peter's 17-year-old keeper to give him a brush and oil paints. Peter took to dabbing like a duck to water. He painted all over the floor; he painted all over his keeper; he even painted all over a few canvases. He ate whole tubes of cobalt blue, leading to the speculation that its tart flavor was what inspired him to use it in his work.

The newspaper hoaxes hung Peter's work in a gallery under the brush-name of Pierre Brassau. Last week, art critics of the other Göteborg papers reviewed the show. Wrote one: "Pierre Brassau paints with powerful strokes, but also with clear determination. His brush strokes twist with furious fastidiousness. Pierre is an artist who performs with the delicacy of a ballet dancer." One of the oils sold for \$90. But not every monkey-hoax story ends with all the humans fooled. Wrote one of the critics, as the perceptive punch line of a harsh review: "Only an ape could have done this."



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MEDICINE

CHRONIC DISEASES

A Shower of Little Clots

When leading heart specialists from the U.S. and Europe gathered in New Orleans last week, the first and most significant report they heard was not exclusively about heart disease. A visitor from England re-emphasized some of the difficulties of diagnosing a lung disorder that has its origins in the blood vessels and eventually involves the heart.

There is no common name for what Dr. John F. Goodwin of the University of London and Hammersmith Hospital called "thromboembolic pulmonary vascular disorders." But these disorders, Dr. Goodwin told the Louisiana Heart Association and the American College of Cardiology, are extremely common. In their most dramatic and catastrophic form, they are called pulmonary embolisms, and they may be almost as common as the single heart attack that proves quickly fatal. Their mechanism is similar—a blood clot traveling through the veins, usually from a leg, blocks one of the great arteries carrying blood from the heart to the lungs—and their effects are just as deadly.

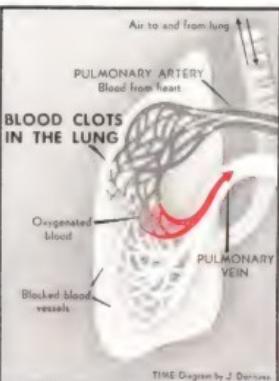
Sudden Catastrophe. Clot-caused obstructions in the smaller arteries of the lungs are even more common. But they are less often recognized because their onset is insidious and they are harder to diagnose. This kind of lung disorder is different from the familiar bronchitis and emphysema. Dr. Goodwin emphasized. In those diseases, the trouble is in the air passages or the air spaces of the lungs themselves. With clotting obstructions, the trouble originates in the blood vessels. But in the long run, it has just as serious effects on breathing.

The sudden, catastrophic form of embolism is marked by severe pain in the chest, fever and coughed-up blood. Often the victim is known to have had some blood-vessel disorder, such as phlebitis. In the creeping insidious form, there is no such history of clotting disease to alert the doctor. The patient usually complains of nothing more precise than shortness of breath or fainting, though in slightly more severe cases he may collapse completely on exertion. What has happened, said Dr. Goodwin, is that small blood clots have blocked some of the narrower blood vessels leading to the lungs. The patient can still inhale and exhale just as much air, but he does not oxygenate enough blood, so he tends to breathe too hard.

Mississippi Metaphor. Post-mortem findings indicate that these patients have suffered from what Dr. Goodwin called "showers of clots." Then, switching to an appropriate Mississippi Delta metaphor, he suggested that their effect is to silt up the channels through which the lungs' blood flows. One result, which should help physicians in diagnosing the

disorder, is that the concentration of oxygen in the arterial blood goes down with exertion, and so does the level of carbon dioxide.

Lung-artery disease is most likely to be diagnosed correctly, said Dr. Goodwin, if physicians have a suspicious eye and ear open for it. In difficult cases, a series of electrocardiograms may be decisive. And regardless of difficulty, it is important to diagnose the disorder early



—when there is still hope of arresting it with anticoagulants. It probably is never "cured" in the literal sense, and only rarely is it reversed so thoroughly that the patient is freed of his handicap.

CARDIOLOGY

Exercise at Any Age

Such long-lived exercisers as Cardiologist Paul Dudley White have long since convinced doctors and laymen that lifelong exercise is good for the heart. But what of the man who slacks off in mid-life? Is it safe for him to crank up again? Apparently it is, judging from a study conducted at the University of Illinois by Dr. John O. Holloszy of the U.S. Public Health Service.

Of the 15 men, aged 35 to 55, in Dr. Holloszy's study, one had had a heart attack and another severe high blood pressure. The rest were in good health, but all of them had become soft from lack of exercise, and their blood contained abnormally high levels of complex chemicals known as serum triglycerides, which some experts now regard as more important than cholesterol in setting the stage for artery disease and heart attacks.

In a six-month program of running and rhythmic calisthenics, which became progressively more strenuous, the volunteers shaped up dramatically. On the average, Dr. Holloszy told the American College of Cardiology, the

men cut their time for running a mile, from 8 min. 51 sec. to 7 min. 36 sec. And they did so with far less huff, puff and heart strain: pulse rates were as much as 19 beats-per-minute lower following exercise than they had been at the beginning of the program.

As for those serum triglycerides, they fell from an average of 205 milligrams to a healthy 125.

Death in the Cockpit

How many aircraft accidents are the result of heart attacks suffered by pilots? The question may never be answered accurately, but Dr. George W. Manning, a consultant to the Royal Canadian Air Force, produced some firm figures from one of the longest and most comprehensive studies of the subject ever made. The strong implication, he told the American College of Cardiology, is that there are more such accidents than can be proved after the event, and a rigorous schedule of annual electrocardiograms for all pilots is a good warning system.

The R.C.A.F. began its ECG program 25 years ago. Among 21,000 aircrew applicants were 99 young men whom the ECG disqualified from pilot training. When these men were carefully re-examined, the doctors found that no fewer than half of them had other abnormalities that previously had escaped detection. It was the ECG that raised the warning flag.

In a five-year study of the R.C.A.F.'s fatal accidents, said Dr. Manning, post-mortem examination of the heart was possible in 24 cases, and eight pilots were found to have had coronary artery disease severe enough to be considered a probable cause of the accident. More significantly, said Dr. Manning, four of these eight had previously shown ECG abnormalities, even though the trouble had not been severe enough to ground them immediately.

The advantage of annual ECGs is that they enable cardiologists to spot minute but progressive changes. A 42-year-old transport pilot who had been ferrying 337 passengers to and from Europe was recently grounded because of minor but disquieting ECG changes. To make sure that there was no injury to him, his case was reviewed by not only Canadian but by U.S. and United Kingdom cardiologists. He stayed on the ground.

Since 1955, when the Joint Committee on Aviation Pathology of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in Washington began recording cases of pilot death at the controls, the lethal list has grown to 20. Sometimes it is possible for an alert copilot to take over the controls and save the plane. But if the pilot's attack occurs during the final approach—in those tense seconds just before a plane touches down—it may be too late for anyone to help. And if there is only one pilot, as in many military and private planes, one heart attack is decisive.



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EDUCATION

SCHOLARSHIP

Better to Be British?

ANOTHER ONE DOWN THE BRAIN DRAIN, screamed a headline in London's Evening News. Within four days, 16 leading scientists suddenly announced they were leaving Britain for the U.S., thus joining an alarming flight of key talent, which last year cost Britain 17% of its new crop of scientific Ph.D.s. Of these, about half settled in the U.S.

Although higher salaries (up to four times as much) are part of the inducement for emigration, the underlying reason is that Britain today does not give its scientists the prestige, the independence, or the research facilities offered by the U.S. And right now, Britain is in the midst of a crash program of university expansion (TIME, Oct. 11), which has

dington National Laboratory, also said they were leaving for the U.S., the exodus touched off a political uproar.

When *Kant Had a Cold*, Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson, who has made education a chief issue for the forthcoming election, demanded an investigation by a Royal Commission and went on the radio to decry the "miserably inadequate" research facilities provided by the government. Liberal Party Chief Jo Grimond pointed to the low prestige that Britain grants its intellectuals. "The citizens of Königsberg rang church bells when Immanuel Kant recovered from a cold," he said. "Here nobody even gave one cheer for our scientists until they started to leave the country."

It was all very embarrassing for the Tories. In desperation, Quintin Hogg, Minister for Science, mustered a patri-

uncommon—schools of such centers, says Platt, "whole classes of 130s and 140s may be seen, from kindergarten through high school." Among the results: a 13-year-old studying atomic physics seriously, an eleven-year-old taking college courses, an eight-year-old doing graduate work in mathematics.

"In the general population, only one person in 300 reaches the 140 level. But if whole communities reach an average of 140," asks Platt, "does one child in 300 reach 180? And one in 2,000 reach 190? If this turns out to be so, we may not have to wait centuries for the next Newton; we may have a dozen within 20 years. The number of 180s getting out of college in the next few years may not be a mere dozen, but hundreds. It could be an explosion of genius such as the world has never seen."

TEACHERS

The Dangerous Profession

After a wave of terror that included three knifings, two shakedowns and fourteen assaults (eight of them on teachers), all within a month, Detroit's 10,000 schoolteachers last week urgently appealed for protection for the innocent, meaning themselves. Along with the usual plea for more cops, the teachers, through their professional organizations, asked the board of education to provide life insurance of \$20,000 to \$25,000 for each teacher, payable "in case of death attributable to school-connected violence."

MUSEUMS

Modernizing the Attic

"A poor, mildewed old fossil," Mark Twain called the Smithsonian Institution. He was wrong: in 1869, when the great author left it at the Smithsonian, founded 23 years before, only seemed old. But the museum doggedly proceeded to fossilize itself with quaint, dutiful and embarrassing exhibits. Into its red brick neo-Romanesque castle on the edge of the Mall in Washington, D.C., went the Lord's Prayer, engraved in the space of a needle's eye, a necklace made of human fingers, and a pair of Thomas Jefferson's leather breeches. Civil War General Phil Sheridan's horse, Winchester, was stuffed and put on show along with an array of First Lady manikins decked out in their own clothes, and the U.S. flag of 15 stars and 15 stripes that Francis Scott Key saw by the dawn's early light over Fort McHenry, Md.

As the official U.S. national museum, faithfully attended by 14.5 million visitors a year, the Smithsonian still avidly collects national memorabilia—General Eisenhower's dress uniform, the Friendship 7 space capsule—but at the venerable age of 118, much of its medieval has been cleaned off. The old fossil is in the midst of a flourishing rejuvenation. In the first step of an ambitious new building program, the Smithsonian



PHYSICIST PRYCE

LAB DIRECTOR POPE

PHYSIOLOGIST BUSH

A matter of pay, prestige and a shortage of typewriters.

further reduced the funds, space and time for research that the nation's top brains demand. Said Professor Ian Bush, 35, a brilliant physiologist who is taking a nine-man team from the University of Birmingham to new quarters in the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology in Shrewsbury, Mass.: "Most of us feel extremely cramped and frustrated."

His Own Typist. Bush, for example, is forced to teach medical students with equipment that is 20 to 40 years out of date. He could have received a grant to buy a new electron microscope, he said, but he could not get the money to remodel a room with soundproofing and wiring for the delicate instrument. Lesser irritations are also common. Owing to a shortage of secretaries and typewriters, Bush often had to type his own letters.

Bush's switch stunned the Medical Research Council, which complained that after financing his work for years, "the benefit will be felt in the U.S." When such eminent scientists as the University of Bristol's Maurice Pryce, chief of the theoretical physics division at the government atomic energy center at Harwell, and Anthony Pople, head of the basic physics research at the Ted-

otie appeal: "It is better to be British than anything else," said Hogg, whose mother was the daughter of a Nashville, Tenn., judge. "No other conviction will serve in a time of discomfort."

STUDENTS

The Genius Explosion

One of the Darwinian delights of co-education and rising college-entrance standards is that the smartest 10% of young Americans are now thrown together on campuses at the most susceptible age for romance and marriage. The genetic consequence, reports Physicist John R. Platt in the University of Chicago magazine *Contest*, is a zooming output of high-IQ children. "These marriages are now producing five or ten times the total number of 150s, for example, that we would get from perfectly random marriages in the normal population," where IQ averages 100.

"Even more spectacular children," he says, "may be coming out of the intellectual colonies like Oak Ridge or Los Alamos, where one man in six has a Ph.D., and out of the faculty communities of the great universities, where all the men and many of the women have advanced degrees." In the common—or



FOUNDER SMITHSON



OLD SMITHSONIAN

NEW MUSEUM OF HISTORY & TECHNOLOGY
Cars, diamonds and 14 million insects.

DIRECTOR RIPLEY

an's vast Museum of History and Technology last month moved from cramped, cluttered quarters into a \$36 million pink Tennessee marble palace that squats with blank-walled solidity on Constitution Avenue. At the same time, the Institution got a plain-talking new boss, S. Dillon Ripley II, 50, who has set out to erase the impression, "held by educators and laymen alike, that anyone associated with a museum is some sort of stuffed specimen."

Ornithology & OSS. Ripley is certainly no triumph of taxidermy. Science-minded since youth, he made his first field trip at 13 when he hiked around Western Tibet with an older sister. Soon after graduating from Yale ('36) he decided "to abandon all thoughts of a prosperous and worthy future and devote myself to birds." Ripley's career as a migrant ornithologist took him to Southeast Asia, Nepal and India. During World War II, as the OSS intelligence chief in Ceylon, he happily combined bird watching with training secret agents.

Once, while shaving in preparation for a garden party in Kandy, Ripley looked out the window and spotted a *Picus chlorolophus wellsi* (small green woodpecker) that he needed for his collection. He grabbed his gun, dashed out of his hut wrapped only in a bath towel, and started shooting. The gun's recoil jarred the bath towel off. As the guests, including Lord Louis Mountbatten, gawked at his lanky (6 ft., 3½ in.), naked figure, Ripley enthusiastically retrieved the fallen *Picus*. After dressing, he humbly rejoined the party.

Mysterious Gift. For the last four years Ripley has been director of the Peabody Museum of Natural History at Yale. In his new post he hopes to harness the untapped educational resources of the Smithsonian for the joint benefit of the institution and the nation's colleges. Utilizing the "guts behind the façade" of museum displays, he would like to have the Smithsonian's faculty of 328 scientists (half Ph.D.s) train graduate and post-doctoral students. Another goal is a closer partnership between

the museum and universities, which would enable curators and professors to switch places for a spell.

The idea of exploiting the educational potential of the Institution echoes the broad aims of Founder James Smithson, an illegitimate son of the 1st Duke of Northumberland and on the side of his mother, a descendant of King Henry VII. While a student at Pembroke College, Oxford, Smithson became fascinated with mineralogy and the science of modern chemistry, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society at the age of 22.

Smithson never visited the U.S.; indeed, his only known link with the country was through a half-brother, the Earl Percy, who had commanded the redcoats at Concord in 1775. Congress was amazed to learn six years after he died in Genoa in 1829 that the unknown Englishman had willed his fortune of \$550,000 to the U.S. to establish an institution bearing his name. Though Senator John C. Calhoun cried, "It is beneath our dignity to receive presents from anyone," Congress finally accepted the gift. In 1904, Alexander Graham Bell brought Smithson's bones from Italy, had them buried in a tomb below a tower of the Smithsonian's old castle on the Mall.

Armies of Insects. The museum soon earned a reputation as "the nation's attic." The assortment ranges indiscriminately from the vacuum pan in which Gail Borden invented condensed milk to the 44-carat Hope diamond, from vintage U.S. automobiles and airplanes to the latest rockets and from a display of early American underwear to a restoration of a turn-of-the-century Georgetown confectionery.

Through private donations and through its own 2,000 expeditions, the Smithsonian has amassed 57 million catalogued items, including 300,000 mammals, 3,000,000 dried plants, 9,500,000 stamps, 10 million mollusks and 14 million insects. Yet such wholesale accumulations have their uses. A

Smithsonian scientist's single-minded devotion to microscopic shelled creatures called foraminifera led to the discovery that oil is likely to be found where certain species of the animals lie buried in rock layers. During World War II, when the Japanese floated incendiary balloons to the U.S., museum experts advised the Air Force on the location of the enemy launching sites by analyzing the sand used as ballast.

Plus Art Galleries. Overcoming a prolonged tendency to record the culture of the American Indian at the expense of other research projects, the Smithsonian has kept up with the times in specialized fields. It established the U.S. Weather Bureau, helped finance the early rocket experiments of the pioneering Robert H. Goddard. Currently, the Smithsonian carries out tropical-disease studies in a 10.5 square-mile jungle island surrounded by Gatun Lake, in the middle of the Panama Canal.

At its Astrophysical Observatory in Cambridge, Mass., and from twelve satellite tracking stations throughout the world, the Smithsonian pinpoints the path of manmade space objects. Through the years Congress has also made the Smithsonian a cultural grab bag for a wide variety of enterprises, including the famed National Gallery of Art (operated autonomously by its own trustees), the Freer Gallery of American and Oriental Art, the National Collection of Fine Arts, and a newly authorized National Portrait Gallery. It also runs the zoo in Rock Creek Park, and will incorporate the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, when it is built, as an independently run bureau of the Institution.

Despite his wealth and prestige as a scientist, James Smithson was a bitter, lonely man whose illegitimacy was a lifelong stigma. If the motive for his bequest was a desire to perpetuate his name with honor, Smithson succeeded with honors to spare. He himself predicted: "My name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumblands and the Percys are extinct and forgotten."

THE LAW

JUDGES

A Lincoln Man

When secession talk began to sweep through Alabama after the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860, the leaders of Winston County in the northern hill country held a meeting and decided that if their state seceded from the Union, their county would secede from the state. The county's delegate to the secession convention in Montgomery duly voted to remain in the Union, and state authorities put him in jail. In the years since then, Winston County has



ALABAMA'S JOHNSON
He means to keep doing so.

changed little. It remains independent and proud of it, a staunchly Republican island in a Democratic sea. Alabamians often refer to it as "The Free State of Winston."

The most eminent living son of Winston County is Frank Minis Johnson Jr., 45, judge of the U.S. District Court for Middle Alabama. A steady, even-toned spokesman of the law, Judge Johnson is a Republican, a Lincoln man and a sturdy adherent of principle. His nickname is Straight Edge, and it fits.

Enthralled by Lawyers. Johnson's father once served as county judge, and young Frank loved to sit in the local courtroom and listen to lawyers argue their cases. "I was enthralled," he remembers. His rise in the law was swift: he went from small-town practitioner to U.S. Attorney in 1953, and two years later President Eisenhower named him a district judge. He was then 37, one of the youngest federal judges in the nation.

During his years on the bench, Johnson has handed down numerous civil rights rulings that angered, or at least annoyed, many white Alabamians. In 1956, as a member of a three-judge panel, he held that segregation on Montgomery buses was unconstitutional—a

decision that meant victory for the historic bus boycott led by Martin Luther King Jr. In 1959, Johnson ruled that segregation in public parks in Montgomery violated the Constitution. In 1961, he ordered Macon County voter-registration authorities to permit Negroes to register under precisely the same standards that the county applied to whites.

Since last summer, Judge Johnson has been involved with the school desegregation struggle in Macon County. He ordered a dozen Negro students admitted to all-white Tuskegee High School last September; but segregationists organized a boycott, and a private school was set up for the white students. In January, Alabama's Governor George C. Wallace had Tuskegee High closed down as uneconomical—there were 13 teachers for twelve pupils. Judge Johnson promptly assigned the Negro students to the county's other two white high schools—six to each. One school capitulated, but at Macon County High in Notasulga, the mayor forbade the entry of the reassigned Negroes on the grounds that the school was overcrowded and the admission of more pupils would violate a newly enacted fire ordinance. Last week Judge Johnson issued an injunction prohibiting the mayor from interfering with the Negro pupils. The new fire ordinance, said Judge Johnson, was merely a device for opposing desegregation.

Ten Angels. His task as a judge, Johnson says, is not to advance the cause of civil rights but to apply the law in the cases that come before him. "I'm not a segregationist," he says, "but I'm no crusader, either. I don't make the law. I don't create the facts. I just interpret the law."

Governor Wallace, one of Johnson's classmates at the University of Alabama Law School, has called him rash, headstrong, vindictive, unstable, erratic, and demanded his impeachment. Even so, Johnson has come in for surprisingly little abuse. The mail brings only about a dozen nasty letters a week (the never replies). None of the old friends he values have cut him. Two boys once burned a cross on the front lawn of his house, but to the judge that was only a boyish prank rather than an attempt to intimidate him.

Attempts to intimidate tall, athletic Frank Johnson are not likely to be effective. On his desk he keeps a clear glass paperweight with a quotation pasted to the bottom. Every so often he reads it: "I'll do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference." The author: Abraham Lincoln.

"On the Side of Life"

Mrs. James L. Jones, 25-year-old mother of a small child, was in a Washington, D.C., hospital dying of a bleeding ulcer. Doctors were convinced that a blood transfusion was necessary to save her life. But the hospital needed her consent or her husband's, and both refused to say yes; as Jehovah's Witnesses, they believed that transfusions were contrary to the will of God.

The hospital called in Washington Lawyer Edward Bennett Williams, who brought the problem to Judge J. Skelly Wright of the U.S. Court of Appeals. After a hearing in the hospital, Judge Wright authorized a transfusion,



WASHINGTON'S WRIGHT
He would do it again.

and the patient recovered. It would almost seem that everyone had won. Mrs. Jones was alive and, since the transfusion was involuntary, no damage had been done to her conscience.

But Mrs. Jones is a woman of strong principles. In an effort to have Judge Wright's order overturned, she appealed for a hearing by the full, nine-member bench of the Court of Appeals. In varying language the judges agreed that "there is nothing to rehear." Mrs. Jones had left the hospital, Judge Wright's order had expired, the case had become what lawyers call "moot," meaning that a decision would not have any practical consequences. But not one of his colleagues voiced agreement with Judge Wright's original action.

One felt that Wright had exceeded his authority and urged that his order "be expunged so that there would be nothing in our records which could be cited as a precedent." Three others held that the "right to be let alone," enunciated by the late Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis, covers "a great many foolish, unreasonable and even absurd ideas which do not conform, such as refusing medical treatment, even at great risk."

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THE HOUSE OF EDGEWORTH
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Judge Wright announced that if he had to do all over again—he would do it again. In an 18-page opinion, he eloquently defended his transfusion order. If it is unlawful for a parent to abandon a child, he argued, can a judge permit the ultimate abandonment of a child by the mother's voluntary death? If suicide is illegal, can a judge permit a hospital patient to choose death by refusing medical treatment? "I determined to act on the side of life," Mrs. Jones remains unconvinced. At week's end she was talking of taking her case to the Supreme Court.

CRIMINAL LAW

Equal Justice for All

The promise is made with all the authority of the Constitution: Rich or poor, U.S. citizens are entitled to equal justice. But promise and practice in U.S. law can sometimes seem worlds apart. It was not until 1956, Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg reminded New York University law students last week, that the Supreme Court finally "made its first broad pronouncement in the area of economic equality in the criminal process."

Severe Disadvantages. The landmark *Griffin v. Illinois* decision held that constitutional rights were violated by a state law under which defendants had to purchase a transcript of the trial before they could appeal to a higher court. "There can be no equal justice," said the court, "where the kind of trial a man gets depends on the amount of money he has." Since then, the court has handed down several related rulings, notably the *Gideon* decision affirming the right to court-appointed counsel in all criminal cases if a defendant cannot afford to hire a lawyer (TIME, Oct. 18). Even so, said Goldberg, the defendant without money remains under severe disadvantages.

"After arrest, the accused who is poor must often await the disposition of his case in jail because of his inability to raise bail, while the accused who can afford bail is free to return to his family and his job. Equally important, he is free during the critical period between arrest and trial to help his attorney with the investigation and preparation of his defense." After the trial, said Justice Goldberg, the fine-or-imprisonment choice often specified by law for minor offenses "may also be unfair to the defendant without means. The 'choice' of paying \$100 fine or spending 30 days in jail is really no choice at all to the person who cannot raise \$100. The resulting imprisonment is no more or less than imprisonment for being poor."

What About the Victim? Goldberg did more than criticize; he proposed some reforms. After "careful screening," he said, most defendants should be released without bail pending trial. And we should certainly consider adopting procedures whereby persons erroneously



GEORGIA PRISON WORK GANG

For the poor, fine or prison is no choice.

charged with crime could be reimbursed for their expenditures in defending against the charge."

He was well aware, Goldberg added, that whenever anyone urges more help for the accused, "the question arises: But what about the victim? We should confront the problem of the victim directly; his burden is not alleviated by denying necessary services to the accused. Many countries throughout the world, recognizing that crime is a community problem, have designed systems for government compensation of victims of crime. Serious consideration of this approach is long overdue here. The victim of a robbery or an assault has been denied the protection of the laws in a very real sense, and society should assume some responsibility for making him whole."

\$1 or Two Months

As an eye-opening example of a state where justice is often colored by the condition of a defendant's pocketbook, Justice Goldberg might well have mentioned Georgia, where one out of every 434 citizens is behind bars—as against a national ratio of one out of every 1,000. Of the more than 5,000 Georgians imprisoned in state institutions each year for misdemeanors, 40% are locked up simply because they are unable to pay small fines. Examples:

- A 17-year-old girl got one year for having two jars of moonshine in her house; the alternative fine was \$100.
- A woman got two consecutive one-year sentences on drunkenness charges; the fines would have come to \$75.
- A man got two months for driving without a license; he was unable to pay a \$1 fine.

But the broke may soon be getting a better break. Governor Carl Sanders has been urging reform of the state's penal laws, and a bundle of ten Sanders-backed reform bills have been introduced in the legislature. One of them, just passed by the state senate and likely to win approval in the lower house, provides that a sentence to a state penal institution "cannot be imposed solely because of the inability to pay a fine."

**FROM
THE
OSWALD
FAMILY
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LIFE



FLY-AWAY TO SUGARBUSH

Skitch Henderson tells about
his fast way to escape it all

I think no one at NBC enjoys his work more than I, but there are times when I need to get away. Last Friday, for example, I got to the studio at seven a.m. By the time I finished late that night, I had scored a film...attended a new-show screening and two meetings...rehearsed commercials and musical portions for two *Tonight* shows...and did both shows, one taped and one live. You can imagine, then, how much I was looking forward to flying my family to Vermont for a weekend at Sugarbush Mountain.



Saturday morning, the fine-boys at Teterboro airport had the Cessna ready to go, and we took off at nine. The Skyhawk is usually thought of as a big 4-place airplane, but it also has two optional child seats—more than enough room for my wife and two children and Sigrid, who takes care of them. Best of all, the Skyhawk handles beautifully, and I enjoyed every minute of flying it. In fact, I just ignored the Nav-O-Matic electronic pilot system because it does about everything for you but hold your coffee. So you see, my relaxation starts with leaving, not getting there. (I can tell you, the nine-hour drive to Sugarbush isn't so much fun.)



We arrived at our house on Sugarbush in time for an early lunch. (For

dessert, we had *Lebkuchen* my wife's mother sent from Germany. Delicious!) Then Ruth changed clothes—we're very proud of the new ski outfits Ernst Engel designed for us—and got the kids ready to go out.



Heidi enjoyed her sled ride, and Hans did very well with his first ski lesson. (He's already a bug on flying too.) Then we all were ready for a nap.



Saturday evening, Ruth and I went to the Sugarbush Inn for dinner. Later, downstairs in the Sapbucket, we ran into friends and before we knew it, we were at the piano for a group-singing. And on the way home we stopped for a nightcap at Gallagher's Wheelwright and Cider Mill—a very interesting place made out of a huge old barn.



Sunday morning, we met Jack Murphy for a couple of ski runs down Organ-grinder trail. (If you spend any time at Sugarbush, you'll get to know

Jack. His gondola lift is terrific; you ride comfortably in a glass-enclosed cabin all the way to the summit of Lincoln Peak.) Then we lunched at the Valley House and talked about flying (Jack is a pilot, too) until Ruth insisted that we stop ignoring her.



Now, here's one of the best things about flying your own plane: no rigid schedules. On Sunday afternoons, there's an exodus from Sugarbush to New York. But since I had the Cessna, I didn't have to leave until Monday morning. So I had the pleasure of going to a concert Sunday afternoon at the Bundy Art Gallery. And that night, we let the children stay up a little later because Ruth and I decided they would stay at Sugarbush, and I would fly back the next weekend. How's that for flexibility?



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U.S. BUSINESS

WALL STREET

Bull, Bear—or Bearull?

It was a little like cheering for a pole vaulter about to jump or a player running down the field. Day after day, people watched in suspense as the stock market moved toward the magic figure of \$800 on the Dow-Jones industrial average—now spurring forward, now retreating. The market came within an inch of making it last week (798.85), slipped back to 794.56 at week's end. But most Wall Streeters were confident that the market had the strength to clear the mark soon. And whenever the averages go over another 100-point mark, the entire market gets a vast psychological lift.

Side by Side. Despite this bright prospect, there was a curious lack of elation among many of the professionals. They are not really sure whether they are dealing with a bull or a bear market or some kind of animal in between—perhaps something called a “bearull.” The market averages are being pushed up by the active trading of only several key stocks that are weighted heavily in figuring the stock averages. Each of these stocks moved up for good reasons of its own—Du Pont for its new Corfam synthetic shoe leather, Pennsylvania Railroad for its rising earnings, RCA for its booming color TV sales. Last week's star was A.T. & T., whose stock hit an all-time high after the company announced that it would sell one new share of its stock at \$100 for every 20 shares held.

While the blue chips thrived, more than 40% of the 1,193 stocks on the Big Board did not share in the rise. Such former favorites as Litton Industries, American Photocopy and Fairchild Camera have fallen even below the levels they hit during the brief panic after President Kennedy's assassination. To chart watchers, all this poses a dilemma. Some of them wonder whether market-wide bull and bear markets may have given way to side-by-side, limited bull and bear markets among certain stock groups.

Getting the Message. To many on Wall Street the very selectivity of the market is one of its strongest points. The stocks that are rising are mostly sound buys, and the ones that have dropped were too high-priced. “The fact that many stocks have not participated in the upswing is reassuring,” says Walter A. Eberstadt, partner of Medel, Roland & Co. “We can finally buy reasonable quality at reasonable prices.” The optimists on the Street—who far outnumber the pessimists—find other signs of strength in the ebullience of the economy and in the fact that the market has ignored the Panama and Guantánamo crises—and even a congressional threat to clamp more stringent regulations on stock-trading practices.

Small investors are gradually coming



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back into the market. This fact alone usually frightens many of the Street's cynical pros, who claim that the public always buys and sells at the wrong time. The facts, of course, are somewhat different. When small investors have begun to buy in earnest in the past, they have usually boosted the Dow-Jones average another 10% to 20%.

COMMUNICATIONS

Launching the Satellite Business

Probably no other company has ever been publicly touted by the President of the U.S.—particularly just as it was about to put its stock on sale. Yet that is just what happened last week to the Communications Satellite Corp., and there was little that the vigilant Securities and Exchange Commission could do about it. In a special report to Congress, President Johnson praised the company's “competent staff,” discussed its prospects, and declared that the firm was “moving ahead” well.

If the situation was unusual, so is the firm that Johnson spoke of. It has little money, only 53 employees, and an ivy-covered mansion in Washington for its headquarters—where its president's office is the master bedroom. Comsat is unique in more important respects: it is a privately owned, Government-

sheltered monopoly that hopes to become a billion-dollar corporation. Its aim: to girdle the world with communications satellites capable of relaying telephone, telegraph, TV and facsimile signals between practically any two points on earth.

Tortured Compromise. Ever since Congress approved Comsat's formation in 1962, after a bitter battle between the champions of Government ownership and private-business control, the corporation has spent most of its time laying the groundwork for action. Last week that action began on several fronts.

In Washington, six big U.S. firms submitted proposals for four possible satellite designs for Comsat to choose from. The six: A.T. & T., and RCA acting jointly, L.T. & T., and Thompson Ramo Wooldridge, Hughes Aircraft, and Ford's Philco subsidiary. In Rome at a meeting with top Comsat officers, skeptical European officials were finally convinced that the company was moving ahead so rapidly that they should work along with it—or see the U.S. monopolize space communications. In about two months, Comsat will put \$200 million worth of its stock on sale; with the capital it raises, it will start experiments that it hopes will result in a working relay link with Europe by the summer of 1965, and with the rest of the world soon after that.

Comsat is a somewhat tortured compromise between private and Government interests. Half of its stock, which will start out at \$100 per share, will be sold to “common carriers,” varying from giant A.T. & T. to the Rochester Telephone Co., the rest to the public. The 15-man board will consist of six members from the communications companies, six from the public, and three named by the President. Comsat will be run by its \$125,000-a-year chairman and chief executive officer, Leo D. Welch, 65, former Jersey Standard chairman, and its \$80,000-a-year president, Dr. Joseph V. Charyk, 43, a brilliant physicist and former Air Force under secretary.

What to Orbit? The first task of Comsat's directors will be to decide whether to use a system of medium-level satellites—such as A.T. & T.'s Telstar and



CHAIRMAN WELCH
Selling a share of space.

RCA's Relay, which orbit between 6,000 and 12,000 miles up—or of high-level satellites like Hughes Aircraft's Syncom, which goes as high as 22,300 miles. Medium-level satellites are simpler in design and easier to orbit, but, at their altitude, come within range of a pair of ground stations for only a short period; thus, it would take dozens of such satellites ringing the earth to guarantee continuous message service everywhere at once. Syncoms are synchronized to orbit at the speed of the earth's rotation, so that one satellite remains over the same spot on the globe. They are tricky to orbit and their great height causes delays in the messages, but it would take only three to blanket the world.

Despite the President's endorsement, Wall Street's smart-money men are wary of investing in Comsat. For all its promise, they wonder whether the development and operating costs of the system will become so astronomical that they will eat up any chance of profit. "A pie in the sky, that's what we've got," says Senior Partner Armand Erpf of Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co. Yet, with such immense prestige and glamour tied to Comsat, not even the cynics believe that the corporation will have the least bit of trouble finding takers when it puts its shares on the market.

OIL

Boom in Ohio

Across the rolling farmlands of central Ohio's Morrow County last week lumbered heavy trucks laden with pipe. In the county's once-slumbering towns—Mt. Gilead, Cardington and Edison, roughly 40 miles north of Columbus—

MORROW COUNTY DRILLING RIG



dusty station wagons from several states competed for parking spaces. Husky, plastic-helmeted men searched for scarce furnished rooms. The night sky glowed orange, and the air was filled with an acrid stench. "That smell used to make me deathly sick," says one Morrow County resident, "but now it doesn't bother me at all." And why should it? It has become the smell of wealth, the sweet odor of Ohio's first oil boom since the turn of the century.

Two Gushers. Ohio was a major oil producer 60 years ago, but its production had dwindled to nearly nothing until the Morrow County boom. It began modestly three years ago, when wildcatters drilled a 3,280-ft. well on a farm, but really got going last fall when two gushers came in almost at once. Last week alone, Ohio authorities issued 112 permits for drilling in Morrow County, bringing the number issued to nearly 1,000. In 450 attempts so far, oilmen have brought in 162 producing wells. Derricks have sprung up in clusters on front lawns, in narrow alleys and in vegetable gardens; one producing well occupies what was once home plate on the baseball field at the Edison Junior High School (the team will play all its games away this season). Says Theodore DeBrosse, veteran petroleum geologist for the state: "There is more drilling in this area than anywhere east of the Mississippi."

So far, Morrow County people have made most of their gains from the boom by leasing their land for drilling. Oil speculators have wildly bid up prices: a three-month lease for a 6½-acre tract near already-producing wells recently skyrocketed from \$1 to \$30,000 in a single day's trading, and the value of another tract tripled from \$25,000 to \$75,000 in three days. Since the big oil production started only recently, royalty income—a standard 36.5¢ per barrel—is just beginning to build up. Nonetheless, the oil boom has stepped up the county's economic activity: bank deposits have increased 20% in the past six months, service-station business has doubled, and restaurants have quadrupled their take.

Drilling Rights. No one has yet been able to determine the exact size of the Morrow County oil reservoir. So far, the 162 wells are producing 27,000 barrels daily of a good grade of petrochemical crude, for which Ashland Oil & Refining Co. and Pure Oil Co. pay \$2.92 per barrel. Experienced oilmen feel, however, that the potential yield of the Morrow County field is being rapidly reduced by the drilling of too many wells in one small area, a practice that diminishes the subterranean gas pressure needed to force out the oil. But just in case the Morrow County field should turn out to be only the first tapping of a vast underground ocean of oil, more than 100 lease dealers are now quietly collecting contracts for drilling rights from Lake Erie to the Ohio River.



STEPHENS IN J. & L. PLANT
White-hot profits from new ideas.

STEEL

Really Rolling

In Pittsburgh last week, the optimism was as audible as the roar of the huge furnaces that poured forth white-hot metal day and night. Steel production is running ahead of last year, and orders are rolling in so fast that every week proves better than the last. First-quarter output should easily top 28 million tons—around 10 million better than hoped for. Looked at from any angle, the U.S. steel industry is off to what may be its best year ever.

One of the sick industries of the U.S. only a few years ago, steel looks so healthy today because steelmen have learned some modern lessons about how to take full advantage of national prosperity. After years of dawdling, they have finally become avid disciples of the latest cost-cutting and automation methods. At no firm has this conversion been more complete than at Jones & Laughlin, the nation's fifth largest producer—and nowhere have the results been more dramatic. On a sales rise of 6% (to \$836 million) in 1963, J. & L. raised its earnings 76%.

Bosses in Tandem. J. & L. has had its share of hard times. The company emerged from World War II with facilities that a shortsighted management had allowed to fall into desperate disrepair. The long, slow rebuilding process started by Admiral Ben Moreell in 1947 gathered momentum when Avery Comfort Adams, a supersalesman drafted from Pittsburgh Steel, took over in 1957. Shortly before his death, Adams retired last year; since then, Jones & Laughlin has operated under two bosses working in tandem. President William Johnston Stephens, 57, an outgoing salesman type like Adams, runs the day-to-day operations. Chairman Charles Milton Beeghly, 55, who was president under Adams, manages

money matters. Though a wizard at trimming costs, he says: "The steel industry is a sinkhole for money. To forge ahead, you've got to gamble."

In nine years, the company has spent \$600 million to modernize. It was the first to take the long-shot gamble to develop large-capacity oxygen steel-making furnaces and to use computers to control them, now leads the industry in this most efficient of all steel-producing methods. The company's oxygen furnaces cook steel four times faster than the best open-hearth furnaces, thus reducing costs by up to \$8 per ton. J. & L. also saves money by using computers to handle everything from customers' orders to inventory control. It operates the most highly mechanized coal mine in the U.S. near Pittsburgh, led the way in sintering iron ore to make blast furnaces more productive.

Quick to Cut. J. & L. has been quick to cut back production of low-profit types of steel and concentrate on such items as the sheet steel that prosperous automakers and appliance manufacturers buy in large quantities. It is also diversifying into the lucrative stainless-steel market, just completing a mill in Louisville, Ohio, that will step up its stainless output by a third.

In a drive for new markets, J. & L. is in the front line of the battle of cans v. bottles in the soft-drink business, and is moving to grab some of the gypsum board business with a low-priced steel wall partition. It is bringing out a thin tin foil to challenge the market now dominated by aluminum foil. And to please Detroit and stave off aluminum's attempt to replace steel in auto bumpers, it has developed a new bumper steel with extremely smooth finish.

The entire industry has made such vast technological changes and developed new products so successfully that experts predict that the price of steel (present average: \$152 a ton) will be cut \$30 or \$40 by 1970.

CORPORATIONS

Culture, Inc.

It was hardly the sort of setting or audience usually associated with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra. While the orchestra sat in the center of a large gymnasium, the listeners squatted or sprawled on the bare floor. Occasionally they waved their hands in imitation of the conductor, sang along with the music or uninhibitedly ran their fingers across the strings of a cello. They were young children, attending last week's Tiny Tot Concert, an annual series sponsored by Rich's department store in Atlanta. Rich's does not expect the children to be customers for quite a while, but it believes in mixing business and culture.

So do more and more U.S. companies. Businessmen, from the Medicis to the Morgans, have often been eager patrons of the arts. In recent years the big foundations—usually set up with fortunes earned in business—have been the most generous and experimental in supporting culture. But corporations are beginning to catch up on both counts. Last year U.S. business spent more than \$25 million in support of art, literature and music, and this year it is expected to spend 10% more.

Spreading Out. Corporations tend to sponsor home-town culture, such as a symphony or art museum, partly because this attracts the more intelligent employees they are searching for. Across the U.S., no fewer than 70 cultural centers are under way or planned, most of them heavily supported by businessmen. But corporations are beginning to spread out into broader areas, taking a more active part in the world of culture. Corning Glass invites philosophers and writers to periodic conferences, one of which will be held in May to discuss the problems of Africa. Ford Motor, whose \$6,500,000 company-contributions chest is entirely apart from the Ford Foundation, helps sup-

port 17 symphony orchestras and has just doled out \$370,000 to restore the sagging Washington and Lee University chapel; the company felt that Robert E. Lee's tomb deserved better surroundings.

Hunt Foods recently gave a public library to Fullerton, Calif., where its cannery is located, and the Chase Manhattan Bank is helping to restore Wall Street's Federal Hall and a colonial town on Staten Island. President Bart Lyton of Lyton Savings & Loan Assoc. has commissioned a \$60,000 work by Sculptor Henry Moore for Los Angeles' Art Museum Plaza.

Humble Thanks. Corporate patronage frequently reflects cultural tastes in the executive suite. Family-owned Johnson's Wax is sponsoring a world tour of a 102-painting exhibition called "Art: U.S.A. Now," because of the family's interest in modern art. Atlanta's Arthur Harris, vice president of the Mead Corp., started a combined contest and traveling exhibition of paintings that has become an important art event in the Southeast. Many banks decorate their lobbies and executive offices with art (Oregon's U.S. National Bank even hangs oils in its ladies' lounges). But New York's Manhattan Savings Bank goes them one better: it provides the public with noonday piano recitals and evening operas on its banking floors. At the urging of Opera Buff John M. Will, president of American Export Lines, the shipping firm last fall financed \$135,000 worth of sets and costumes for a new Metropolitan Opera production of *Aida*.

Besides improving corporate image and good will, culture contributions sometimes stimulate business. After Basie-Witz Furniture of Waynesboro, Va., commissioned a concerto by Composer Robert Ewell to mark its 75th anniversary, orders spurted. Sponsoring the BBC *Age of Kings* Shakespearean series on U.S. educational TV, Humble Oil got only a brief mention on the pro-



LYTTON & SCULPTURE



NIESSON & SERENI IN AIDA
Uplift, applause and, in the long run, sales.



TINY TOTS CONCERT

grams, but nonetheless received 75,000 letters from pleased listeners—including scores of requests for gasoline credit cards. When the Kitchens of Sara Lee covered costs of a "Save Carnegie Hall" concert, grateful letters poured in presumably from a lot of people who like cake as well as culture.

MERGERS

The Brothers Move On

Two of the world's most famousbeards are about to get a sprucing up, and the Smith Brothers can stand it. Though the cough-drop business prospered under the founder's bearded sons, William ("Trade") and Andrew ("Mark"), Smith Brothers in recent years has lagged far behind such aggressive drops as Vicks and Luden's. In business for 117 years, the firm operated out of a half-century-old factory in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., never spent much on advertising, only recently



DRISCOLL WITH "TRADE" & "MARK"
New licks against Vicks.

tested TV for the first time and has stuck tenaciously to its one product. Though the firm name is almost synonymous with cough drops, Smith Brothers has watched its sales slump to \$3,500,000 a year.

Last week, by arrangement with trust funds that own the Smith Brothers stock, the small firm was merged into huge Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co. (1963 sales: \$300 million), joining such recent Warner-Lambert acquisitions as DuBarry cosmetics and West Indies Bay toiletries. Warner-Lambert President Alfred E. Driscoll, two-term (1947-54) Governor of New Jersey, plans to move Smith's cough-drop marketing into his American Chicle division, which turns out Chicle's, Dentylene and Rolaid's. Chicle's crack 500-man sales force is likely to give competitors a few sore throats.

Driscoll is also considering adding other products to the Smith name, but has no intention of tampering with the

secret formula for the cough drops. It is known only to the late William Smith's stepson, now vice president in charge of product development, who each six months mixes a new batch of the formula in solitude.

PATENTS

Xerox Marks the Spot

One reason that Xerox Corp. has a quarter of the \$500 million office copying field to itself is the more than 300 U.S. patents it holds covering its unique method of duplicating documents. None of them had ever been challenged in court until last week, when SCM Corp. and Addressograph-Multigraph Corp. took on Xerox in what could become one of the biggest patent fights in modern business history.

At issue is Xerox's domination of the dry-copying field (no messy, discoloring chemicals), the fast-growing and most profitable part of the industry. Since Xerox came on the market in 1960 with its 914 model, which makes copies by dissipating an electrically charged powder onto ordinary paper, three other companies—SCM, Addressograph's Bruning division, and American Photocopy—have entered the field. The competitors' machines make copies on paper precoated with zinc oxide, a dry photoconductive chemical.

Last week the Patent Office issued Xerox a patent covering this method too, on the ground that it had worked on it first. SCM already was in court charging Xerox with overall patent "misuse"; the Xerox patent award was quickly followed by an Addressograph suit, charging Xerox with antitrust violations. In response, Xerox sued both SCM and Addressograph for patent infringement.

AUTOS

High Cost of Quitting

The price of quitting the auto business came high for the hapless Studebaker Corp. Last week President Byers A. Burlingame reported that closing down its South Bend auto plant (TIME, Dec. 20) cost the company \$64 million—for canceling contracts, writing off inventories, paying workers' severance and losses on plant and equipment. Result: after earning \$489,500 in 1962, the company rode in with a \$16.9 million loss for 1963.

Studebaker, which now makes cars only in Hamilton, Ont., is also trying to sell off its South Bend truck plant. In the U.S. it will still produce such diverse products as refrigerators, garden tractors, oil additives, electric generators, also distribute Mercedes-Benz cars. Last year Studebaker's nonautomotive enterprises earned \$11 million before taxes and, says Burlingame, will put the onetime carriage maker in the black this year.

PERSONALITIES

WHEN the Navy in 1960 canceled a \$450 million contract for Corvus Air-to-Ground missiles, Prime Contractor James J. Ling pondered his loss for a few minutes, then said, "Well, let's get back to work." Last week Ling's Dallas-based Ling-Temco-Vought was picked to design and build a Navy light attack plane under a contract that may total \$2 billion. "Well," said Chairman Ling again, "let's get back to work." Single-mindedness, along with a seasoned chess player's ability to plot moves and perceive alternatives, has brought Ling in 17 years from a young master electrician running a small contracting company to chief executive of an electronic and aerospace giant that has \$325 million annual sales. Ling, 41, reached this peak not only by working out a series of mergers but by personally selling stock in his company and traveling 120,000 miles annually in search of contracts. He is still growth-conscious; already, with an eye to his three sons, Texans joke about the Ling dynasty.

JAMES J. LING



J. HARRIS WARD

SINCE becoming chairman of Chicago's Commonwealth Edison Co. in 1961, J. Harris Ward, 55, has acted somewhat atypically for a utilities magnate: he has twice cut rates. This week, Ward prepared to make another cut, if permitted, thereby passing along the benefits that the nation's third largest electric company (1963 revenues: \$540 million) expects to get from a tax reduction. Commonwealth even sells its customers light bulbs for 15¢ a dozen. But Ward, who in 27 years at Commonwealth rotated from finance to engineering and sales, is a miracle worker: at the root of all this benevolence is the familiar "cost-price-sales spiral"—as costs drop, prices follow and sales rise. Ward is pushing cost economy with such technological advances as a planned "power-by-wire" generating plant in the southern Illinois coal fields, which will transmit power 175 miles to Chicago at a sizable saving over coal shipments. He recently rented an apartment in Chicago's new Marina City to see how its electrical space heating works. "Perfectly," says Ward. His largest monthly bill so far has been \$13.

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The Great Entertainer welcomes two hot favorites to the big time

Everybody knows 7 Crown tastes great cold (as in the four famous drinks on the left).

But some like it hot—and you'll know why when you taste either of these steaming mugs laced with America's favorite whiskey. Delicious after a bout with Jack Frost.

Both are easy to fix. And thanks to the Great Entertainer's special quality of taste both belong in the big time. Here's how! 7 Crown Hot Toddy: 2 oz. 7 Crown, 1 tsp. sugar, stir in mug. Add hot water. Garnish with cinnamon stick. 7 Crown Hot Grog: 2 oz. 7 Crown, 1 tsp. sugar, 1 tsp. lemon juice. Stir. Add hot water or tea. Both are delicious.

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Yell "help" and watch how fast your mild-mannered Continental Insurance agent turns into Superman.

Ordinarily, he's just a quiet guy in a dark suit who comes around once in a while to talk insurance.

Shy. Retiring. Not one of your pushy types.

But suddenly, emergency strikes.

Burglars in your bedroom. Garage fire bubbling the paint on your new Cadillac. Hurricane Zena heading straight for your chicken farm.

You call for help.

In a flash, he becomes the Man of Steel and flies to your side. To protect your rights, and fight your battles, and give you counsel as long as you need it.

Your Continental agent acts as your champion for one very good reason. You're his bread and butter.

He figures the more he helps you, the more kinds of insurance you'll buy from him.

And we figure the more we help him help you, the more of your income he'll

help you, the more of your insurance he'll place with us. (He has his choice of many companies, you know.)

That's why we handle his clients' claims intelligently, fairly, and with a minimum of red tape and delay. (This little gimmick is the thing that helped us get so big.)

If you think you might need the services of a Superman some day, get to know your mild-mannered Continental agent now.

He's listed in the Yellow Pages under Continental. (In some areas, under America First Loyalty Group.)

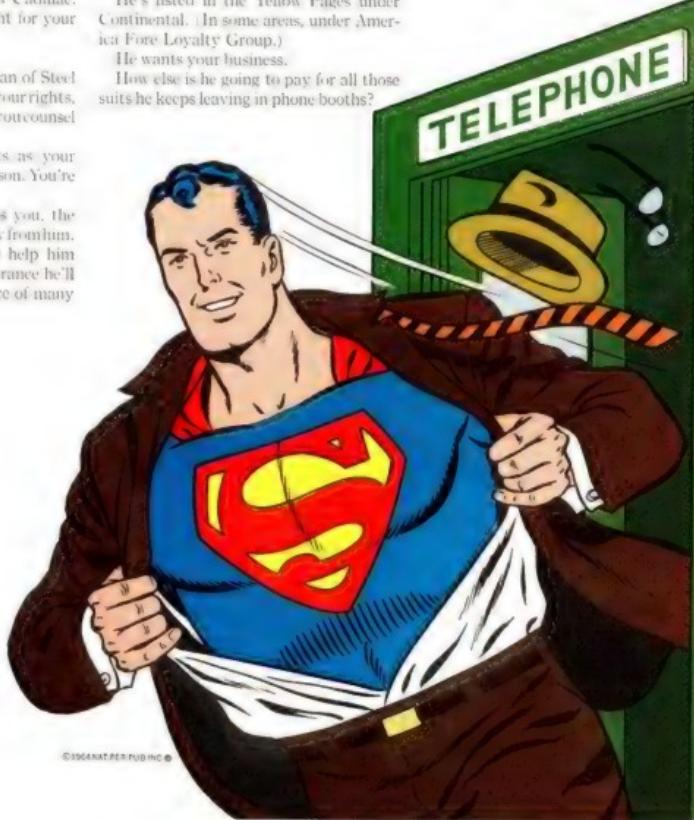
He wants your business.

How else is he going to pay for all those suits he keeps leaving in phone booths?



The Continental Insurance Companies

International Business - Finance - News
Volume 10 No. 11 - November 1963
Editor: Frank E. Ladd, 2000 University, Minneapolis 16, Minnesota
Managing Editor: James S. Tamm, The Journal
Business Office: 800 North Tryon St., Box 38, N.C. 28204
Subscription \$3.00



WORLD BUSINESS

WORLD TRADE

The Underdeveloped Get Together

Next month in Geneva, a unique confrontation will begin between the prosperous and the poor nations of the world. For twelve weeks, 1,500 finance ministers, foreign ministers, economists and assorted experts from 122 nations will face each other in the first United Nations Conference on Trade and Development. At U.N. headquarters in Manhattan last week, 300 advance men debated the scope of the meeting and decided upon its agenda. Plainly, the underdeveloped nations, which will be well in the majority in Geneva, aim at nothing less than rewriting the rules of world trade to give themselves a much better deal.

Getting Poorer. The conference's moving force and secretary-general is Argentina's German-descended Dr. Raúl Prebisch, 62, who recently jetted to more than 20 capitals, from Canberra to Moscow, to win support for the conference from governments and business leaders. Last week, in a 165-page report, he outlined the problems and proposals that the Geneva conference will tackle.

Prebisch is worried most by the growing "trade gap" between what is bought and sold by the poorer nations—in Latin America, Asia, Africa. From 1950 to 1960 their share of world trade declined from 30% to 20%, and their imports expanded much faster than

their exports. On top of that, a world commodity glut held down prices of their exports—mostly food, fuel and fibers—while prices rose for the increasingly complex machines that they import. Because of the switch to synthetic goods and new efficiencies in manufacturing, the industrial nations are buying relatively less natural rubber, textiles and metals. The commodity-producing countries are trying to industrialize, but production costs in their inefficient plants are steep, and many of the industrial nations have raised high tariffs and import quotas against them. If all this continues, predicts Prebisch, the trade gap will widen to \$20 billion a year by 1970 and force the underdeveloped countries to slash their imports.

Though these nations are bickering a bit among themselves, 75 of them have banded together to push joint proposals onto the Geneva agenda. Cheered by the success of the price-regulating International Coffee Agreement that was created by the U.N. in 1962, they now want the U.N. members to sign another pact putting floors under most other fluctuating commodity prices. They also aim to pressure the Communist countries, which now take scarcely 5% of their exports, to buy more. And they want the industrial powers not only to lower their barriers against imports of manufactured goods from the backward nations, but also to give them preferential tariff treatment and to subsidize their state-planned programs for industrialization—without getting anything in return.

Flexible & Unorthodox. Many of these ideas stem from Prebisch, whose critics call him a statist—although he refuses to be typed. "Save the world from economists," he says. "Experts cannot run the world." But Prebisch has spent 30 years trying to change a good part of the world through his flexibly unorthodox theories. In his early days, Prebisch fastened on to the conservative doctrines of the classical economists. But when he entered international finance as the founder of Argentina's Central Bank, he decided that classical concepts were designed for the industrial nations and had little relation to the problems of developing areas. He began to preach a personal brand of economics he calls the "seemingly contradictory thesis of private initiative plus dynamic government planning."

As head of the U.N.'s Economic Commission for Latin America from 1950 to 1963, Prebisch urged governments to take idle lands away from the rich, distribute them to the poor, modestly compensate the original owners with long-term bonds, force higher taxes on the high-living upper classes and use the money to build roads and power plants that would speed industrializa-



ARGENTINA'S PREBISCH
A plan for preferences.

tion. Proposing and prodding from his U.N. post, he was the intellectual father of the thriving little Central American common market and the still-struggling Latin American Free Trade Area, also served as the U.S.'s chief foreign adviser to the Alliance for Progress. Today he believes that the underdeveloped countries will be prey to totalitarian demagogues unless the democratic governments aid them through trade.

Discrimination in Reverse. Most Western governments are tolerant of Prebisch's ideas, but they are nervous about their too-rapid application, and about their effects at the forthcoming Geneva conference. Britain is against moves to upset its system of Commonwealth tariff preferences, and the Common Market countries are reluctant to lower their external trade bars. The U.S. is eager enough to make reciprocal tariff reductions in the separate Kennedy round of talks, which will overlap the Geneva trade meeting and will bring many of the same countries together in the same building. But it opposes tariff cuts without reciprocity from the underdeveloped countries as a form of "discrimination in reverse."

Washington also frowns on schemes to fix world prices and believes that the U.S., as a big consumer of commodities, would have to foot much of the increased cost. Finally, there is the question of whether it is wise to grant greater subsidies to countries run by inept and sometimes corrupt bureaucracies; certainly underdeveloped governments could do much to help themselves by showing more responsibility, more sympathy for free enterprise and more respect for foreign investment.

Despite such reservations, the U.S. attaches enough importance to the Geneva meeting to dispatch Under Secretary of State George Ball as head of its delegation. Though the conference will probably accomplish less than its ambitious sponsors hope, it has already achieved something. The underdeveloped nations have formed a bloc, hoping to use the unwieldy U.N. as a weapon to transform the pattern of world trade. Having seized the initiative, they have put the affluent countries on notice that they expect something to be done soon to narrow the trade gap.



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A glut of food and fibers.



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Starting March 8, United will introduce One-Class Red Carpet service to travelers on nonstop jets between New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco. And from New York to Seattle.

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mmercial jets, the DC-8 has flown faster (the only jetliner to break the sound barrier), higher and farther than any other.

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More than a million passengers have already chosen One-Class service. They prefer it to first class (it's a far better value), they prefer it to coach (not cramped or crowded) and their companies approve it for business travel (nearly 600 of the nation's leading companies changed their "coach only" policies).

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MILESTONES

Marriage Revealed. Lew Ayres, 55, cinematic, onetime Dr. Kildare, most recently the Vice President in *Advise and Consent*; and Diana Hall, airline stewardess, he for the third time: "By a minister, somewhere in California," Lew said April 1; on Feb. 7.

Died. Ken Hubbs, 22, second baseman for the Chicago Cubs, National League Rookie of the Year in 1962 who set a major-league record by playing 78 consecutive games without an error, when the Cessna 172 he was flying home to California crashed in a storm; near Provo, Utah.

Died. Abraham Malcolm Sonnabend, 67, Boston financier, one of the nation's best-known corporate marriage brokers, who merged his hotel chain (Manhattan's Plaza, Washington's Mayflower) into money-losing Child's Restaurants in 1956 to form Hotel Corp. of America, a move that enabled him to write off hotel profits against restaurant tax credits, used the same method to take Botany textiles into everything from suntan lotion to *Mad* magazine, sent profits soaring for both companies until the credits ran out, whereupon disenchanted stockholders last year cut his Hotel Corp. salary by \$25,000 (to \$75,000 as chairman), eased him out of Botany altogether; of a heart attack; in Palm Beach, Fla.

Died. Samuel Chotzinoff, 74, NBC's classical-music chief since 1941, who lured his good friend Arturo Toscanini back from Italy to conduct for NBC, became what some called "vice president for Toscanini," stayed on after the maestro retired to create topflight TV opera, commissioned Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, started Leontyne Price on her way to stardom; of heart disease; in Manhattan.

Died. Robert Lee Thornton, 83, mayor of Dallas from 1953 to 1961 and the city's No. 1 booster for four decades; after a long illness; in Dallas. The son of a tenant cotton farmer who built a tiny mortgage business into the \$450 million Mercantile National Bank (one of Dallas' Big Three), Thornton was head of a host of civic organizations that helped bring in the Dallas Symphony, the 1935 Texas Centennial, and an annual state fair the likes of which even Texans had never seen.

Died. Finley Robertson Porter, 92, automotive pioneer, chief designer of the low-slung Mercer Raceabout, a forerunner of modern sports cars produced just before World War I, which cost \$2,500 and is today's most valuable vintage U.S. auto (the 25 known surviving models are each worth at least \$18,000); of heart disease; in Southampton, N.Y.

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from TIME's Prospectus, 1922

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Questions, quotes and surprises punctuate the story of the news each week. Find out what they mean in **TIME**



Above—Joe O. Neuhoff, left, discusses the Neuhoff Brothers' cattle feeding operation near Milford, Texas, with Bill Moon, Employers Mutuals Safety Engineer. Neuhoff Brothers are currently fattening 30,000 cattle on their 150 acre feed lot, one of the most modern automated feeding operations in the nation. 300 tons of feed are required each day.

Below—Joe B. Neuhoff, Head of Beef Department, and Dave Handley, Neuhoff Brothers' Safety Director, examine hanging hooks in the beef storage room.

Wausau Story

How we cut our lost-time accident rate 38%

by **JOE O. NEUHOFF**, Secretary-Treasurer, Neuhoff Brothers Packers, Inc., Dallas, Texas

"Providing meat for America's tables is a lean profit business. The industry average is only .7 of 1%. So we have to pay close attention to every phase to have the necessary capital for expansion of operations and employee benefits. And, of course, lost-time accidents play hole with profit margins."

"In May, we at Neuhoff Brothers sat down with Employers Mutuals' people and planned a new safety program. First we established a management safety committee. These men wrote a statement of safety policy, set objectives and outlined a program to carry them out."

"Our Safety Director, working with our Employers Mutuals Safety Engineer put the program to work. All accidents were investigated and steps taken to prevent their repetition. We awarded free dinners to departments that went from 90 to 150 days without an accident depending on the risk factor involved. Winning departments were widely publicized."

"Literature, posters and special efforts of the committee and department heads helped keep safety in everyone's mind."

"Thanks to this continuing program and the fine cooperation of our employees, we cut our lost-time accident rate by 38% over the previous corresponding yearly period."

Employers Mutuals of Wausau writes group health and accident, fidelity bonds, all forms of fire, liability and casualty insurance including auto, and is one of the largest and most experienced underwriters of workmen's compensation. See your telephone directory or write us in Wausau, Wis.



**Employers Mutuals
of Wausau**

145 Offices Coast to Coast "Good people to do business with"

TIME, FEBRUARY 21, 1964

CINEMA

Political Thriller

Seven Days in May is more far-fetched than a campaign promise. But if the audience once accepts its patently fictional view of Washington—as a city teeming with traitorous Congressmen, TV commentators and four-star generals—there is plenty of excitement to be had in this political thriller based on the novel by Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II.

A nuclear disarmament treaty with Russia has been signed, and a line of angry pickets moves in front of the White House, waving placards demanding: "DON'T HAN THE BOMB, JENN THE TREATY!" But supporters of the treaty are picketing the pickets. The demonstrators start to fight—and suddenly the nation is in crisis.

Inside the White House, President Fredric March wrestles with a labor dispute. He has just been told that his blood pressure is dangerously high, his Gallup rating dangerously low. "My diet for the next several days will be crow and bitters," growls March. He is a seasoned old liberal whose flabby exterior conceals a body of convictions carved in stone. He does not yet know that a group of right-wing extremists, led by the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, General Burt Lancaster, is so violently opposed to his treaty that they are conspiring to overthrow the Government by military junta in just seven days.



PRESIDENT MARCH



COLONEL DOUGLAS & GENERAL LANCASTER

The good guys v. the bad guys.

Marine Colonel Kirk Douglas is the Pentagon aide who tumbles to the plot. Ominous coded messages refer to "bets" in an approaching Preakness pool. At a secret base, designated Site Y, thousands of Commando troops trained in the tactics of seizure are standing by for an airlift. Douglas confides his suspicions to the Commander in Chief, who calls in a handful of trusted advisers—and a minuscule task force sets out to save the Republic.

Director John Frankenheimer uses his camera as though it had been invented for the CIA. And his actors keep pace, particularly Edmond O'Brien, who contributes a nice dash of color as an amiable alcoholic Senator from Georgia. Douglas looks more resolutely square-jawed than ever, even when duty sends him into the lair of Ava Gardner, a Washington playgirl with a packet of love letters. But Lancaster has a one-dimensional role. "Your course of action this past year has bordered on criminal negligence," he barks to the man whose job he means to take. "You're a weak sister, Mr. President."

The movie is least successful when it tries to sound significant—as when March, stiffening up beside the flag, intones, "The enemy is an age. A nuclear age. And out of this comes a sickness." Some of the dialogue in the final reel seems to have been cribbed from a prep school essay on "What Democracy Means to Me." But that seems fitting enough too, for *Seven Days* is the kind of fast-paced melodrama that is made to order for a rainy Saturday afternoon.

Torso Murder

Dr. Crippen. The brick was loose. Inspector Dew of Scotland Yard bent down and carefully removed it from the cellar floor. Ten minutes later, he sat on a pile of earth and stared in disgust at the putrid and dismembered remains of Belle Crippen. Some months later, Belle's husband, Dr. Hawley Crippen,



PLEASENCE & BROWNE IN "CRIPPEN"

Killer or the victim?

was brought to trial for her murder. The penny press played him up as Britain's own Bluebeard, and the scandal provided some of the least savory sensations of the Edwardian era. Dr. Crippen was convicted, and on Nov. 23, 1910, he went to the gallows, protesting his innocence.

Was Dr. Crippen telling the truth? This tidy thriller makes a fascinating case that he was. With considerable acuteness Director Robert Lynn demonstrates that murder can sometimes be understood as a species of double suicide, that sometimes in moral truth the victim is a killer and the killer a victim.

Dr. Crippen emerges as one of those improbable figures that hold the headlines of the British penny-dreadful press. He is a poor man's pill-pusher, a sallow runt with "codfish eyes" and a large compensatory mustache, which doesn't impress his wife. "You're not a man," she hoots at him. "Go clean the lodger's boots!" And while her husband cleans the lodger's boots, she nibbles the lodger's ear. After several years of playing the cuckold, creepy little Crippen dares at last to play the man—with a pretty young typist (Samantha Eggar).

Belle (Coral Browne) demands that he come back to her, and gets so importunate he gives her a sedative. Absent-mindedly, without really meaning to, he gives her much too much. She dies, a victim of what might be called a Freudian sleep. The audience is left with the impression that Belle was practically begging to be murdered, and that Dr. Crippen, as usual, was just too weak to say no.

The doctor is portrayed with formidable skill by Britain's Donald Pleasence. Fans of British films have long been aware of the unpleasant presence of Pleasence, and he is remembered by Broadway audiences as the transcendental tramp in *The Caretaker*. In most of his roles, Pleasence resembles something dragged unwillingly out of a drainpipe. As Dr. Crippen, he contrives to look like something sculptured in grey Jell-O.



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Lost at Sea

PILGRIM AT SEA by Pär Lagerkvist. 116 pages. Random House. \$3.95.

Giovanni grew up in a devout home "where in every room an emaciated man hung dying for our sake." He automatically accepted ordination as a priest (the novel never makes clear in what country or what faith) and never questioned his vocation until one day he hears the confession of a veiled mar-

from the amorism of a Robert Ruark or a Mickey Spillane. But since it comes from a Nobel prizewinner and is dressed up in the proper symbolism, it has already been hailed in Europe as the last word in existentialism.

Beastly Business

ONE FAT ENGLISHMAN by Kingsley Amis. 192 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$3.95.

No one is better at being beastly to the British than the British. In *One Fat Englishman*, Kingsley Amis has raised this particular form of beastliness to the level of high comic art.

Roger Micheldene is a plump package of just about everything Americans find detestable in a U-type Englishman. He is expensively accented (Oxford), twice married, with a modest homosexual past, a non-church-going Roman Catholic, but a devout snob and a glutton, a sexman and a Potterish playboy of epic pretensions. His exploits in one-upmanship take the form of a baroque conversational style, impeccable scholarship in cigars, and a collection of snuffboxes with appropriate snuff (antelope horn for the Osterburn mix). He hates progress, Protestants, Negroes, Jews, Americans, today and tomorrow. Such a man, Amis implies, has done very nicely thank-you in England, but in the U.S. he suffers cruel and unusually funny punishment for all these things.

Roger comes to the U.S. ostensibly in his function as a publisher, but privately to visit his mistress, a blonde, heavy-lidded mother of one, who is married to a Danish philosopher at Budweiser College, somewhere in Pennsylvania. (Amis himself was a visiting lecturer at Princeton.)

Pursuit of Angst. What happens is a howling shame. Roger is defeated in conversation by an undergraduate "Jewish jackanapes" who enrages him by professing identical opinions. He tests his conviction that "these Yank college girls were at it all the time," and is bitten severely in his fat neck. He bloats with rage after a faculty party when he guessed the word was "effeminate" in a game of charades; the word was "Britishly." He is finally seduced by an ill-completed nymphomaniac and is comic in love as he conjugates Latin to prolong his pleasure. He is outrunked, outmaneuvered, outraged and outsnuffed at every turn. The young "Yid scribbler" makes off with his mistress. He is discomfited even as he clambors aboard the homebound liner and begins sadly to plot the next tack in his joyless rakes among available shipboard quail. The very worst kind of American bore descends upon the defeated hero to claim him as the right kind of guy to save a boat trip from being a real drag.

One Fat Englishman is very funny. But by the time Amis lets his playboy homeward plod his weary way, the

reader finds his heart wrung with pity. In a puzzling way, the appalling Roger has endeared himself. It is not just that Roger himself in odd moments has recognized that he is a pretty dreadful character. "Very angst-producing, being a snob," he confesses to his mistress. Something deeper is involved. The secret may be that the totally selfish man is pathetic as well as detestable: Roger has some of the heartbreaking quality present in the rapid self-absorption of a child alone at play. It is sad when he pulls the wings off a wasp. It is even sadder when the wasp stings him and he howls against the fates.

True or Tape. In the ten years since *Lucky Jim* appeared, that frenetic farce of provincial English academic life has become a minor classic. In *One Fat Englishman*, Amis has faced and triumphantly cleared the hazards of translation. Most English novelists cannot manage a single sentence in demotic U.S. speech without setting on edge the big white American teeth. But Amis' mimetic ear is true as tape.

High spirits, dry wit and an elegantly sketched stage mark Amis' comic theater: the face-pullings, pratfalls and brisk tattoo of slapstick are the devices of a master. His aim is serious comedy. And, like the skewered and flayed Englishman of the fable, it never hurts except when he laughs.

The Sage of Lichfield

ERASMUS DARWIN by Desmond King-Hele. 183 pages. Scribner. \$3.95.

DOCTOR DARWIN by Hesketh Pearson. 235 pages. Walker. \$5.

To the eyes of the British, eccentricity often looks like genius. In his own time (1731-1802), Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of Charles, was renowned not only as Britain's foremost physician but as a poet, scientist, inventor and conversationalist of formidable talent. He



PÄR LAGERKVIST
Salvation watered down.

ried woman yearning for a sexual love that her husband cannot supply. As the woman's words and fragrant breath filter through the grille of the confessional, Giovanni is strangely excited. "I did not yearn to rest again in the safety of God's embrace, in his light and peace. I wanted to burn in the fire of love."

Burn he does, in the bedroom of his penitent for many a clandestine night. But love of woman, like love of God, can eventually cool. The mysteries of the confessional stripped away, the couple see each other for what they are: rather drab, aging, unattractive people. The "holy night of love" turns into a quarrelsome hell. The lady returns to the church. Giovanni, now defrocked, joins a ship of cutthroats, who plunder and murder but who, at least, have no illusions about themselves. "The sea is the only thing I do feel is holy," says Giovanni. "However it may storm and rage, I thank it. Because it's cruel and hard and ruthless, and yet gives peace. Surrender utterly to the sea and cease fretting about right and wrong, truth and falsehood, good and evil. Become as free as the sea; surrender to uncertainty as the only certainty."

Swedish Novelist Pär Lagerkvist may be a little too much at sea himself. His mystical message does not differ much



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had, said Coleridge, "a greater range of knowledge than any other man in Europe," and King George III begged him to come to London as the royal physician (he refused, on the ground that he preferred to remain in Lichfield). The sage's other great eccentric, Samuel Johnson, dismissed him as a provincial from an "intellectually barren" town. His current biographers tend to side with Coleridge, and there is little difference between them, but their books are less interesting as studies of genius than as revelations of the wild theorizing that passed for reason as England's age of scientific reason began.

Decoction of Foxglove. All biographers of Erasmus Darwin are dependent on a contemporary account written by a



ERASMIUS DARWIN
A charter Lunatic.

poetess and neighbor, Miss Anna Seward, sometimes known as "the Swan of Lichfield." Anna carried on a lifelong flirtation with him (they exchanged playful love letters on behalf of their cats), and remembered him as a man given to "sarcasm of very keen edge" and so "inclined to corpulence" that he had to have a semicircular hole cut in the table to accommodate him at meals. "A fool," the doctor used to say to Anna, "is a man who never tried an experiment." Erasmus tried them all the time, and occasionally they worked. He prescribed electric shock for jaundice and scarlet fever, purges for the gout, blood transfusions for cases of consumption. His "Commonplace Book" is full of case histories of experiments that failed: a dropsical woman who apparently vomited and died after receiving four doses of "decoction of foxglove"; his own infant daughter who died after Erasmus tried to inoculate her against measles. He was most successful, in fact, when he put his patients on diets of milk, vegetables and fruit and left them alone.

His real love was inventing. On paper he devised a water closet, a diving bell, a canal lock, a horizontal windmill for grinding pigments, a hydrogen-oxygen



Mission: Mars

An unmanned balloon sent 80,000 feet above the earth recently brought the question of life on Mars a giant step nearer an answer. Hoisted above most of the earth's atmosphere, the balloon carried Stratoscope II, a three-ton, three-story-high telescope system which made high-resolution infra red studies of Mars. These studies will provide important clues to possible organic activity on our neighbor planet. Later, Stratoscope II will focus its high-flying eye on the structure and workings of our

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motor, and a speaking machine "capable of pronouncing the Lord's Prayer, the Creed and Ten Commandments in the Vulgar Tongue." To improve the British climate, he suggested that the navies of the nations of the Northern Hemisphere band together to push the ice masses of the polar regions into the southern oceans. He was the founder of the famed Lunar Society, consisting of a group of scientific eccentrics whose habit of meeting by the light of the full moon, reputedly so that they could see their way home after dinner, eventually gave rise to their well-earned nickname, "Lunatics."

Survival of the Fittest. Even as staunch an admirer as Coleridge found Darwin's poetry "nauseating." Nevertheless, *The Botanic Garden*, a scientific treatise in rhymed couplets, was a bestseller during his lifetime, and its descriptive lines were vastly admired by many of his contemporaries:

*Stretch'd o'er the marshy vale the
willowy mound,*

*Where shines the lake amid the cul-
tured ground,*

Darwin had taken the lines, almost word for word, from Anna Seward, and after the poem was published, the Seward-Darwin cat correspondence ended. But *The Botanic Garden* was so popular that otherwise sober critics judged Darwin a greater poet than Milton.

All told, Erasmus Darwin had 14 children by two wives and one long-suffering mistress. Only one son, Robert, survived to become a doctor, and his lackluster career was a persistent disappointment to his father. But Robert became the father of Charles and Charles made the family name famous. When he advanced his theory of evolution in *Origin of the Species*, Charles relied partially on his grandfather's investigation of gene mutations described in the treatise *Zoonomia*.

A Second Look at Hitler

HITLER: A STUDY IN TYRANNY by Alan Bullock. (Revised edition.) 848 pages. Harper & Row. \$8.95

When Historian A.J.P. Taylor kicked alive the fires of controversy three years ago by asserting that Hitler's prewar diplomatic aims were only those that any reasonable German statesman would have held for his country, a bucket brigade of his British colleagues rushed to douse the blaze. A. L. Rowe snapped that Taylor's book, *The Origins of the Second World War*, "is a whitewashing of Hitler." Terrible-tempered H. R. Trevor-Roper charged that Taylor "suppresses and arranges evidence." But the man with perhaps the best claim to speak about Hitler's aims and methods—Historian Alan Bullock, Master of Oxford's St. Catherine's College and author of the definitive biography of Hitler—kept aloof from the dogfight and went back to the documents.

Not only controversy but new evidence about Hitler has developed in



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to pierce through the propaganda and the puffery, to try to get the facts right and to make the conclusions sound.
(from TIME Publisher's Letter)

the dozen years since Bullock's biography first appeared. The record of the Führer's wartime table talk—his ad-lib sermonizings noted down by awed subordinates—proves again that his convictions had altered not one fanatic whit from the days when he wrote *Mein Kampf*, 20 years before. A complete rereading of "the whole of the documentary evidence for Hitler's foreign policy" has led Bullock to modify some details of his account of the years 1933-39, but to "disagree with Mr. Taylor more than ever" in his overall view.

In Bullock's view, Hitler was the ultimate barbarian, a political genius without the scruples of a Caesar or the ideas of a Napoleon, who gave the world a megalomaniacal warning of his



ALAN BULLOCK

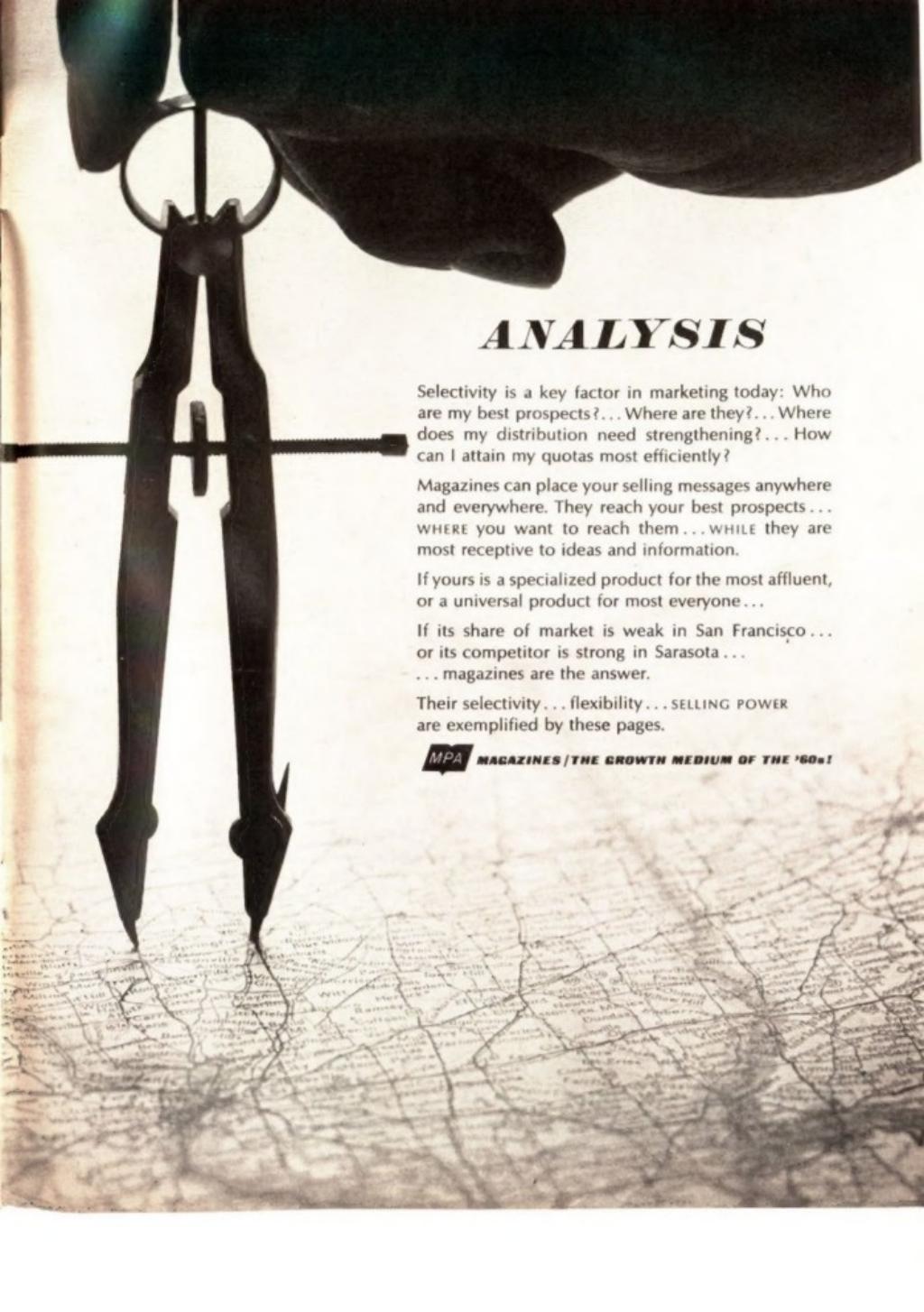
The image remained unchanged.

plan of conquest, then proceeded unswervingly to carry it out. Revised and reissued, Bullock's portrait today risks being taken for just another book about Hitler. In point of fact it is now, as it was originally, the standard against which the others are to be measured.

Rakes & Nipcheeses

FALSE COLOURS by Georgette Heyer
317 pages Dutton \$3.95

"Marston," the lady inquires of the butler, "has he been getting foxed often?" "Oh, no, ma'am! He has been dipping rather deep, perhaps." Exchanges like this, from the pages of Georgette Heyer's decorous novels, often tax the uninformed reader too. But to the vast and steadily growing international legion of Georgette Heyer addicts, everything is as clear as Madeira. She is resorting again to the elegant Regency slang in which she has indefatigably chronicled the goings on of bloodied Britons in the age when old King George III was too dotty to rule outright and his son, the Prince Regent, had not yet acceded to the title as George IV. What the butler means, obviously, is that his Lordship, while put-

A black and white photograph showing a person's hand holding a compass. The compass is open, with its legs spread wide, resting on a detailed map of a city. The map shows a grid of streets and numerous labels for buildings and landmarks. The compass itself is dark and metallic, contrasting with the lighter tones of the map.

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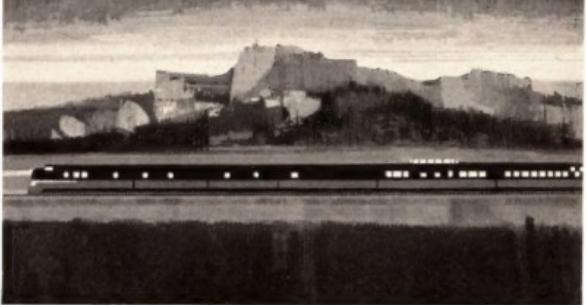
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ting away a lot of the stuff, has been seldom if ever drunk.

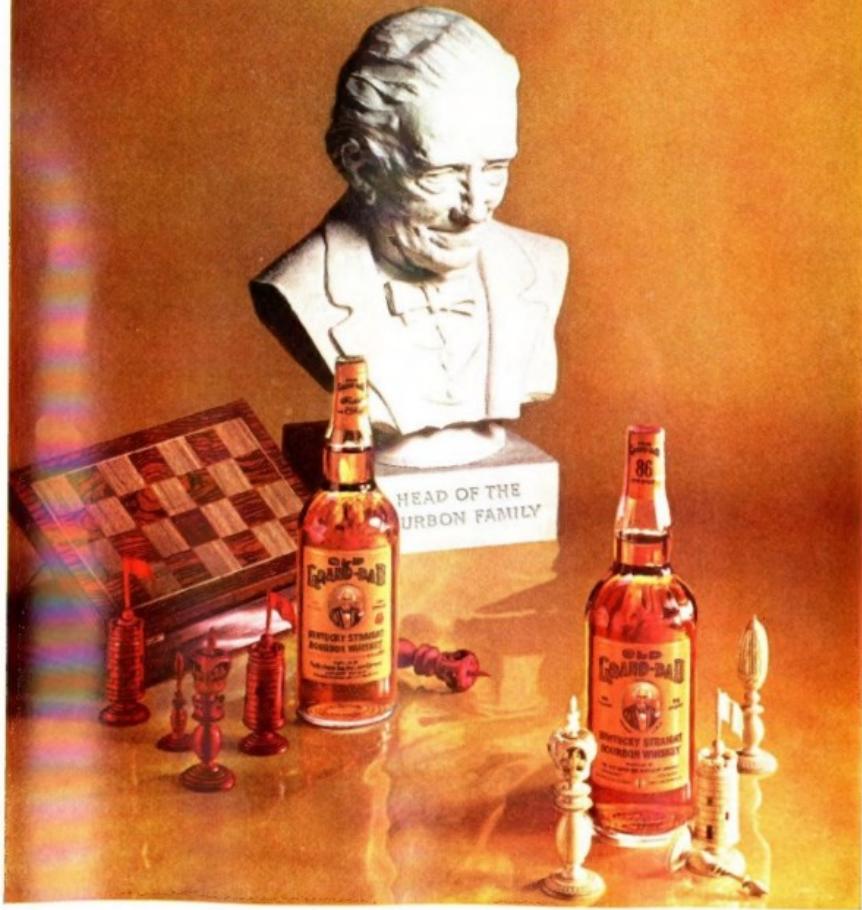
Genteel Cult. By knowing more about Regency fops, rakes, routs and blades than anyone else alive, Georgette Heyer has turned what otherwise could be dismissed as a long series of sugary historical romances into a body of work that will probably be consulted by future scholars as the most detailed and accurate portrait of Regency life anywhere. She has also become the center of a genteel reading cult that has made her for years a runaway bestseller in England and now is spreading to the U.S., proliferating vociferously at ladies' luncheons and in lending libraries. But as with the late William Faulkner, you don't buy a book, you buy a world. If it suits you, you settle down forever.

False Colours, therefore, may not be "top of the trees," but it is a fair sample. It is larded with arcane phrases like "tip him a settler" (knock him out), epithets like "nipcheese" (a parsimonious person), verbs like "fadge" (to make sense). Male characters do not dress; they are accoutered, like Achilles, in the armor prescribed by Beau Brummel, who, as every Heyer reader knows, not only taught Englishmen to wash, wear clean linen and conservatively cut clothes, but invented a boot polish with a special magic ingredient—vintage champagne. Its plot is frothy and prolix. Charles Fancot, the second son of now-defunct Lord Denville, comes home to London, after helping his uncle preside at the Congress of Vienna, to find that stormy Twin Brother Evelyn has resolved to get their flighty mother out of debt. As the new earl, Evelyn has an income of 25,000 guineas a year, but he can't touch capital, so where is the poor fellow to turn? Well, to marriage and to an heiress, of course. By the time one twin substitutes for another in the courtship—naturally falling in love with the lady—and Mamma is once again solvent, the reader has come to feel the spell of a slight-prose master whose writing suggests not only Jane Austen and Angela Thirkell but perhaps the Bobbsey Twins as well.

Heyer Learning. No one is sure how Georgette Heyer acquired her knowledge. It is known that in real life she is married to a London lawyer named Richard Rougier, inhabits a stylish Albany apartment stuffed with Regency antiques. But she grants no interviews, does not help promote her books and, in a slender official biography, admits only to having been educated "at various schools." A friend explains, "She's just learned without being academic—a thing we have in England." Serious critics dismiss her writing as nothing but "a jolly good read," except for *The Infamous Army*, which is regarded as the best novel about the Battle of Waterloo since Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. In an age of prurience and pornography, Georgette Heyer's main appeal is in the faultless re-creation of a world of manners and decorum.

Old Grand-Dad

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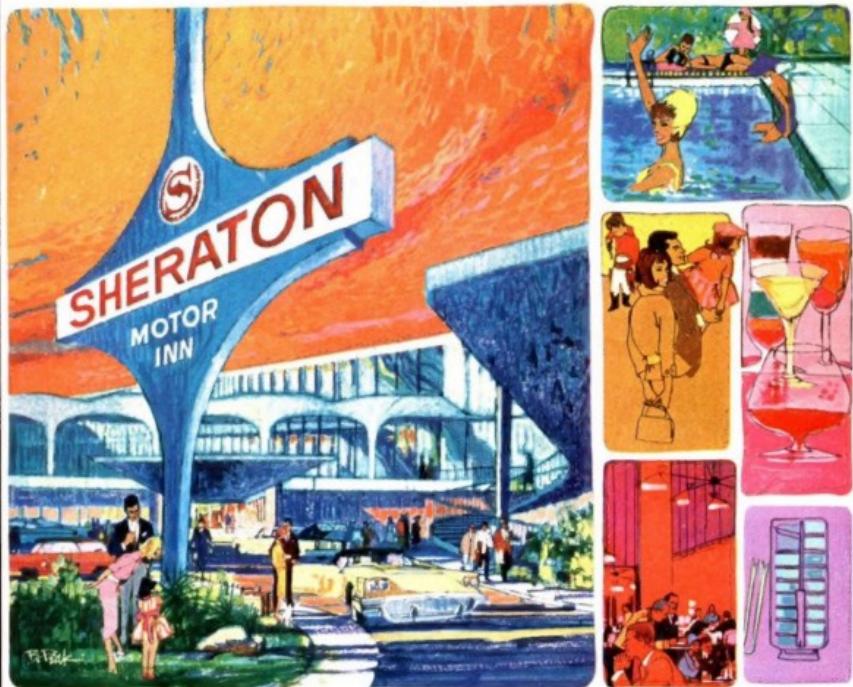


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